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JAMAICA, 1881.

ENAMEL.

# The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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THIRD EDITION.  
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE.  
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.)  
RAILWAY DISASTER IN INDIA.  
BRITISH SOLDIERS KILLED AND  
INJURED.

BOMBAY, November 5.—A terrible accident occurred this morning to the Bombay mail train on its way to Nagpur. The tire of one of the wheels of the engine broke, and the engine tilted to one side, being thrown off the metals and twisted round by its own impetus. The carriages following were telescoped, many being smashed to splinters. The wreck was complete. Two drivers and two firemen on the engine were killed; the guard on the foremost part of the train was also killed. Five British soldiers were killed outright, and three British soldiers and four natives were injured. The commander-in-chief of the Balmacedan General Velasquez is one of the prime movers, and that preparations were made for a conjunction with the friends of the late President who are in Buenos Ayres. A despatch from Valparaiso states that the Liberal Caucus have nominated Senator Jorge Montt, the Conservative candidate, for the Presidency. His installation will, therefore, take place on December 26th.

WASHINGTON, November 5.—Mr. Spaulding, Acting Secretary of the Treasury Department, has sent a letter to Mr. Blaine, informing him that he has instructed the collector of customs at New Orleans to accord the usual courtesies to Senator Montt, the wife of the Chilean representative here, who is expected at that port from Aspinwall, and to facilitate the prompt delivery of her baggage and effects.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

ROMA, November 5.—A reception was held at the Monte Citorio last night of the delegates to the Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congress, and was an exceedingly brilliant gathering. Signor Bianchi, President of the Italian Chamber, and also of the Congress, welcomed the members most cordially. Several of the Ministers were present, and most of the English and German representatives were accompanied by their wives and daughters.

UNITED STATES ELECTIONS.

NEW YORK, November 5.—The result of the elections to the New York State Legislature is still uncertain. The Tribune says that one of the States in which the Republicans have made great gains is Ohio, where they have fought the campaign on national issues. They nominated Mr. McKinley, who is held responsible more than anybody else for the new tariff, and have elected him by a handsome majority. The strength of the party on national issues has never been more fully illustrated, and there is every reason to believe, judging from the result of these elections, that in the national contest in 1892 the Republican party will be found stronger in New York, as well as in many other States, than it is this year.

IMPERIAL BANK OF RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 5.—A conference at which the directors of several private banks were present, was held yesterday in the board-room of the Imperial Bank of Russia, with the object of discussing the present position of the St. Petersburg money market. To-day a communication appeared in the Official Messenger contradicting the rumours that the Imperial Bank had suspended making advances upon interest-bearing securities, and declaring that it had never ceased giving this accommodation, which continues to be afforded on the same lines as before.

A DICTATORSHIP IN BRAZIL.

NEW YORK, November 5.—The Herald publishes the following despatch, dated from Rio de Janeiro, yesterday:—"The fight between the Congress and Marshal da Fonseca has reached a climax. The fact of the President being a military man led many to fear that he might proclaim himself dictator. In order to prevent this, the Congress passed a law determining the process by which a President of the Republic could be impeached. Marshal da Fonseca vetoed the measure, but his veto was overruled by the Congress. The President thereupon dissolved the Congress, and the decree was published yesterday. Martial law was at the same time proclaimed in Rio and other States of the confederacy. The dissolution of the Congress may result in the choice of another President. In the case of an uprising Marshal da Fonseca will probably have the Army and Navy solidly behind him. —The hearing was again adjourned."

DESTRUCTIVE QALE IN SPAIN.

A TOWN FLOODED.

MADEIR, November 6.—A terrific gale, accompanied by torrential rain, last night swept over the town of Chiclana, in the province of Cadiz. The River Segura overflowed its banks, and flooded the lower portions of the town, the water penetrating as far as the town hall, and rendering some of the streets impassable. The bridge spanning the river, which was only constructed last summer, was carried away by the rush of water, and large numbers of cattle in the surrounding district were drowned.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 6.—It is officially declared that nothing is known here to warrant the newspaper reports of the impending imposition of an export duty on wheat, or the issue of a decree prohibiting the exportation of horses.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE BY A CONVICT.

SASSARI, November 5.—A released convict named Dorosca, wishing to wreak vengeance upon some persons who had given evidence against his trial, and had thus procured his condemnation, to-day armed himself with a gun, a pistol, and a dagger, and killed in broad daylight a doctor named Usini and a male and female peasant. He also attacked and severely injured another woman, who shortly after the outrage gave birth to a child. The man made good his escape.

DARING TRAIN ROBBERY IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK, November 5.—Four masked men to-day boarded a train of the Missouri Pacific Railway in a suburb of Omaha. One of them covered the engine-driver with a knife, while the other three overawed the passengers with revolvers. By threatening that they would blow dynamite, the bandits prevailed upon the express messenger to open the mail car, which they plundered. They are said to have made off with large sums of money from Kansas City and St. Louis banks. The robbers succeeded in securing about \$8,000.

REPORTED CONSPIRACY IN CHILI.

NEW YORK, November 5.—The following telegram of yesterday's date from Valparaiso:

## THE CHARGES AGAINST A GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR.

At the Bath Police Court on Friday, the Rev. Dr. Clutterbuck, late of Picton, Hatherleigh Hill, Bath, one of her Majesty's inspectors of poor law schools, was charged on remand with obtaining by false pretences £1,500 from Mrs. Turner, resident in Park Street, Bath; £1,000 from M. F. Hodges, headmaster of the Bath School of Art; and £2,000 from Mr. W. Pearce, master of the Chester Workhouse.—Mr. Mathews stated that three further charges would be investigated that day and the next—the first of obtaining £2,400 from Dr. Buxall, secondly, £2,500 from the Rev. H. H. Pace. Evidence would be given by persons to whom Dr. Clutterbuck had handed large sums of money, in many cases the very sum that he had obtained from the witnesses who had been and would be called before them. They would tell the bench how, under his instructions, this money had been devoted to purposes of speculation. This evidence would be given by gentlemen from London, to whom these large sums had been given. With that testimony, and with the production of Dr. Clutterbuck's banking accounts for the years 1889 and 1890, at Messrs. Drummonds, London, and at the Wiltshire and Dorset Bank, Exmouth, that branch of the investigation would close.—Mr. Hodges' evidence, which was not concluded on the 31st of October, was resumed. In January, 1890, he had another interview with Dr. Clutterbuck. The accused repeated that he was an intimate friend of Mr. Goschen, and said he was responsible for £75,000 of loan which was designed for officials like witness, who, though Government servants, had no chance of superannuation, and that he had been working it specially to benefit such as witness. A cheque for £700 was given to accused, who in sending a receipt, said, "Kindly put it away in some fireproof place." In December, last year, he met Dr. Clutterbuck one Sunday morning, coming from the Abbey.—Witness asked to have his mind refreshed on certain points as to the nature of investments. Accused did so, and, with a smile, added, "Goschen is not the sort of man to dabble in Argentines." After this he let the accused go away in some fireproof place." In December, last year, he met Dr. Clutterbuck one Sunday morning, coming from the Abbey.—Witness asked to have his mind refreshed on certain points as to the nature of investments. Accused did so, and, with a smile, added, "Goschen is not the sort of man to dabble in Argentines." After this he let the accused go away in some fireproof place." In December, last year, he met Dr. Clutterbuck one Sunday morning, coming from the Abbey.—Witness asked to have his mind refreshed on certain points as to the nature of investments. Accused did so, and, with a smile, added, "Goschen is not the sort of man to dabble in Argentines." After this he let the accused go away in some fireproof place." 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## NORTH COUNTRY SKETCHES.

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

## ILLICIT SPORT.

There are no English counties where love of sport seems more of an instinct than those that make the Borderland. Probably enough the rough spirit is inherited from their lawless ancestors, who, as the old play has it, "were true honest men and true, saying a little shiftings for their living: God help them, silly puir men." This little shifting for their living meant that the Border pricker, the Robson, or Johnston, or whatever his name was, who dwelt with his Kate of Peggy in a small thatched cottage, which was also the stable of his nag, the kennel of his hounds, and contained the perch of his falcon, lived mostly by theft and robbing. His usual business was stealing cattle, and when this was not on he amused himself by hunting the king's deer or flying his falcon. Unfortunately, in our far quieter times these heroic amusements are no longer possible. With the rural policeman for ever on his beat, even such mild variations of the old game as horse and sheep-stealing are nearly impossible; and as for the dappled deer, they have been all driven into parks, and are as safe from pursuit as Lord Tankerville's white bulls at Chillingham. But still there is a sneaking fondness for unlawful sport on the part of those who have descended from the ancient freebooters. And among these the one that is clung to most is the old-fashioned amusement of drawing the badger.

There is a certain little village where it was carried on till lately in a manner that will appear incredible to those who know how superstitious country folk are. As everybody is aware, there are two methods of conducting the sport. One—*he is the most sportmanlike—is to place the "brock," as the badger is called in Scotland, under a pile of faggots so that only his nose is visible, and put in a little terrier to pull him out. But the other way used to be the more popular. The badger was placed in a long narrow box, the sides of which had carefully been soaped beforehand to increase the dog's difficulties, and the terrier was entered at the other end. Such a box was used in a famous draw that took place some years ago on the Cotswolds, though the story has been located at several other places. It occurred in this way. While some low sporting characters were boasting in a public-house, each upholding the prowess of his own dog, an old shepherd put in his word and swore that he could draw the badger himself with his bob-tailed collie, if any one would bet a £10 note against his doing it. As the dog was present, and looked a poor, sneaking, pitiful brute, you may be sure the challenge was immediately accepted, and the money was staked. Well, when the day came, the shepherd appeared duly on the scene with his dog, the badger was put into the box, and the laughing spectators stood round about, freely offering to bet a £10 to 1 against it coming off. But the cunning old shepherd did not smile at all, and yet appeared quite confident of his loss. When all was declared ready for the draw, he took a bit of rope out of his pocket, and began by tightly and firmly tying the dog's jaws so that by no possibility could he manage to bite. Then he took him in his arms, and deliberately thrust him, stern first, up the box where his enemy was. Of course the badger set his teeth like those of a bulldog into the haunch of his unfortunate enemy, and held on with wicked tenacity, while the wily shepherd drew him from the box, with his dog, and claimed and received the stakes. It was an excellent jest, but, curiously enough, few of those who had risked their money saw the full humor of it; not one of them laughed at the result.*

But this digression has carried me away from the strange adventures of a box which I was about to relate. It was the ugliest and most mysterious ever known. Well I remember the shudder felt on its discovery one afternoon, when, in a disused hayloft, which I and another graceless we were summing up for owls and bats, we came on it in a corner. Its dark colour and its shape filled us with dismay. They were unmistakably those of a coffin, and if we had any doubt of the fact, it was removed when, in great fear and trembling, we at length dared to go forward and look at the lid, which had on it, half-defaced characters, a name and a date with these lines—

John the Cobbler, etc.  
At rest beneath the sod.  
Ever see this spy.  
Prepare to meet your God.

It was some time before we treasured again to seek owls in Willie Allian's old loft, you may be sure. Yet it need not be imagined that I am going to tell some horrible story of murder to account for it being there. On the contrary, the explanation, which I came to know later, was simple enough. John the Cobbler had the luck to die just at the time when every village churchyard was closely watched by nervous and shivering youths, who, especially after a funeral, dreaded that the resurrectionists might make off with the body. Now, a party of these shoulash robbers had actually managed to unearth the mortal remains of poor John, which, despite the epitaph, did not lie beneath the sod, but were ultimately anatomized by a surgeon. According to the custom of the time, they had thrust the body into a box, and made off with it on horseback, while the coffin, as it chanced, was left in a little plantation close to the house of a miserly rustic, who, vowing "it would serve a use some day," hid it away in the straw barn. Now, though he had done this in secret, the cat got out of the bag somehow, and on Saturday nights when the moon was to drink at the Red Lion, "John the Cobbler's coffin" soon became a stock subject for jests. One night, when a merry band were going on as usual in the public-house, some one chancing to challenged a venture-some dare-devil fellow, named Ned—a character of whom it was said he never maledicted. Ned was a drunkard, and he had never been to draw the badger from this box. The superstitious old hand went along with the rest, but Ned took it as an excellent joke, and there and then made a bet with this terrier Matchem, who, either by day or moonlight, do the trick. Some one had a child with me."—Mr. Fenwick remanded her for a week.

## A GRAVE CHARGE.

At the Southwark Police Court, Maria Haywood, 34, a well-dressed woman, said to be the wife of a solicitor, giving an address in the Old Kent-road, was charged, on suspicion with causing the death of a child, at present unknown, by throwing it into the Grand Surrey Canal.—A little girl, named Alice Eleanor Pow, aged 12, said shortly after noon on Tuesday she was proceeding home from school, when she saw the prisoner, who was standing on the canal bridge, throw the baby she was carrying in her arms into the canal. The baby screamed as it fell into the water. She ran to tell some of her schoolmates, and they all came back and found the prisoner still standing on the bridge. Shortly afterwards a policeman came along. Witness told him what she had seen, and he took the prisoner into custody. Whilst the prisoner was standing on the bridge a boy "fished" a cap and a part of a feeding-bottle out of the water.—Mr. Fenwick asked the prisoner if she had any question to put to the witness.—The prisoner replied, "I have no questions to ask her. It is all untrue. I never had a child with me."—Mr. Fenwick remanded her for a week.

Mr. W. Henchley gave his opening smoking concert one evening last week at the William the Fourth, Wandsworth-road. Mr. E. W. Hardy occupied the chair, and the programme, which was a lengthy one, was arranged and managed by Mr. Walter J. Stevens.

Dr. Michael Berry has died at Kilkeny from hydrocephalus, having been bitten by a rabid dog.

the use of the coffin from the miserly owner by paying him half-a-crown. He uncrewed the lid, carefully soaped the sides himself, and put in the brock. Everybody expected that the ghost of John the Cobbler would show at the sport, but Matchem, the dog, made no more ado about the matter, but with the usual low growl with which he opened the attack and a little stiffening of the hairs on his neck, rushed in where the end of the coffin had been knocked out for the purpose. There were a few minutes of growling, and presently he backed out, holding on to the struggling badger by the throat. Ned won the wager, but he afterwards had cause to rue his recklessness. Familiarity with the coffin gradually bred contempt for its gaudy associations. Whenever a badger was caught from the coffin it had to be drawn, and John's little home became all marked and battered, the epitaph grew as dim as if it had stood by the churchyard for centuries, and the jets about it became so old and stale that the dullest man in the company would hardly repeat them. Such was the pass to which things had come, when one night after, a badger-hunting in the little earth by the riverside, it was observed that Ned was snoring on the ground in a state of utter intoxication.—"Let us bury him in John the Cobbler's coffin," suggested one in the party.—"We strongly advise you to employ a solicitor. It is by no means such a simple matter as you appear to imagine."

## PERPLEXED.

—Y. E. H.

Solicitor.

—No. 2. &amp; 4. These questions cannot be answered without having the will as guidance.

E. W. —We will not give opinions on wills or other legal documents.

LAWMAN.

—It was a weekly hiring she must turn out at the end of a week's notice.

SHEWAWAY.

—No; the bank would not honour any cheque until letters of administration had been issued.

SHEWAWAY.

—No penalty at all; they can be incurred in any case.

BUCKLEIAN.

—You must pay the rent, under

penalty of having a distraint put in.

HOUSKAID.

—Yes.

S. B.—The landlord is perfectly right; by law he is entitled to a weekly tenant.

F. HARDING.—We strongly advise you to get partnership deed drawn up by a solicitor. You are bound to make a mess of it.

H. C.—The County Court. If he can substantiate the counter-claim, the amount will be paid him into bed.

J. L. W.—They are entitled to compensation.

S. B.—The real estate would devolve on the heir at law, whoever he might be; the personal property would be shared equally between you and the deceased's family, you taking one-half and they the other moiety.

C.—His best course is to adopt it to obtain legal assistance or the protection of his rights.

J. V.—No.

S. B.—Solicitor.

—If six full years have elapsed since the last payment recovery is barred.

X. Y. Z.—If they two sons are the offspring of the deceased—they will the whole between them.

THE MISERABLE.

—You must not do anything of the sort. Get a magistrate's order for their removal.

F. K.—You must pay the rent without any deduction on penalty of distress.

A. W.—We never gave a recipe for making ginger beer from the plant, and never heard of such a wonderful plant as you tell us you have.

J. M.—We never reply to post.

B.—The birds should be skinned at once. We hope you know how to proceed with that. Use plenty of powdered plants of Paris for your fingers, and in case you puncture the body, when skinned wash the inside of the skin with aromatic soap, and then wash the bird over with water, separating the leg bone and the wing bone from the body, and the portion of skin you leave in when you thoroughly cleaned it of brains, eyes, tongue, &amp;c. When all is done, and cotton wool put in eye sockets, round leg bones, &amp;c., smooth down the feathers, and when it is dry, stuff it.

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IE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND.GRANT ALLEN.  
CHAPTER XLIX.  
THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Outside all the houses in Osnow there's a continuous ledge; a platform or terrace—the duchess it well. It's formed by the projection of the first floor rooms, so that I can step right out on it from the room windows. Well, I used to look out on this ledge by night; and I went from Mr. Mortimer's, where I was living, to the duke's house, passed, first the duchess's boudoir, and then the windows of the bed-room. I used to look in ways into both these rooms through little holes I'd made in the blinds purpose before I left, little holes had to hold your eye close to me; and then I could easily make out anything that was passing in either room.

Through all the duke's illness, I sat along the ledge a great many times; and at last, on the night he died, I went there, I think, about past 8, but anyhow it was after half past 7, and he was sitting up in his bed, and I was afraid she'd see me. And I was afraid she'd see me. Of course, the blinds ought to have been drawn. But she had her head in her hands and didn't see. So I sat past her and looked in through tiny hole in the blind I'd made next to the duke's window.

All this time Arthur Roper was sitting below in the garden for me to see him the sign when the coast was clear; but I didn't mean to give him the sign that night, because I hadn't communicated yet with the police; so I just crouched there and watched. I made signals to him that it couldn't be safe to try, as the duchess is in her boudoir. And, indeed, it hadn't been. Then I kept on sitting in at the duke's windows a good long time. I could see everything. There were two nurses—why, those are the two—woman sitting in the well of the bay by the box, only then they were dressed in nurse's uniform. I saw them distinctly. By and bye, I saw the send them out of the room, first one in the blue dress, and then one in black. As soon as they were gone I was very much astonished at what happened. The duke lay out bed. He was very weak ill, and he staggered horribly. He had a fixed sort of look on his face as he turned his eyes first this way, and then that just so to see if he was observed. An instant he'd be sure he was quite alone, he'd call a dreadful, mad-looking, infantile sort of a smile—oh! the swiftness of it I ever saw in my life, though I've seen some awful ones—and go down all fours on the floor like a child, I crept very cautiously across towards the window."

By this time the interest in court was profound in its intensity. Linda moved forward in breathless suspense to what conclusion this strange confession of her strange maid's was leading them.

The duke crept on, crept on, crept till he reached the edge of the carpet, corner-wise, at the end next the dressing-room," the girl continued, after a short pause, wiping her nose and forehead. "It was a Turkey carpet, lying loose on the floor, with the edge untaught and the sides of the room were polished. His grace stepped up the corner, holding his head one side for all the world a monkey for cunning; and with something sharp he held his hands—a pair of nail-savers, I fancy—he edged up, took out a parcel. The space was one of the little black ones that lie between the light brown bits—about as long as that and wide as that, and round as that; it seemed to me as if he was up quite easily. The thing he took was a blue paper packet."

"A what?" the judge asked sharply.

"A blue paper packet, my lord," said Pomeroy, answering, amid breathless silence.

"I saw the duke open it. It had inside it a white powder." A shudder passed visibly through the court as she spoke. Miss Pomeroy made no notice of it, but went on excitedly.

"The duke laughed when he looked the powder—laughed low to himself, as a madman—and stared around him more. His look was ghastly, when he rose on his feet, staggered across the floor, and dropped a lot of the powder—more than he meant, I think—into a jug by the bedside. After he paused, glanced behind him suspiciously, and dropped a second lot of the powder into the medicine bottle. Then he laughed once more, and looked towards the door, as he was frightened that somebody was coming. I think he heard a noise outside, for he half jumped towards the bed, stronger than you'd have thought a man like him could have done it; for he seemed possessed, somehow. But there was nobody there; so he stood a minute again, steady himself with his hands on the table, and looked as if he was filling a little glass with the liquid in his hand—I should say a syringe or something of the sort, of the tumbler by the bed-side he'd dropped the powder into."

The court sat enthralled, and listened awe-struck to her story.

"After that," Miss Pomeroy continued, growing pale with her tale, "he paused again, and looked around him nervously. I could see big drops were standing on his brow. He seemed horribly ill. He tried to walk but couldn't. So he got down on all fours again, and crept slowly across the floor, grimacing once more to himself, oh! so horribly, so horribly. It was dreadful to look at him; I almost screamed with fright. But I didn't think that he was doing any harm. I just thought he was mad, behaving like a lunatic in his delirium, and that the nurses would soon be back to look after him."

"Well, he crawled over to the cabinet—the inlaid cabinet by the fire

place—your grace must remember it—I beg your lordship's pardon—and opened a drawer. The duchess's jewel-case was there, as I knew, unlocked. It was the great Amberley jewel-case—not the one where she kept her everyday things—and I put it there myself just before I was taken ill to have it handy in an easy place for Arthur Roper. The duke lifted up the lid, and took out a bottle with a glass stopper that I'd laid in there on purpose among the jewellery; it was a bottle marked 'Best French Violet Powder'; but it had a lot of loose little things stuck in amongst the chalk—earrings with single diamonds in them, and such-like small valuables—that I'd put there beforehand so that Arthur might carry them off without much difficulty.

The duke emptied out the violet powder into the blue paper, diamonds and all, and emptied the stuff in the blue paper into the bottle of violet powder. He saw the diamonds as he did it, and laughed low again. That made me feel sure he was really mad, and I was alarmed for the duchess; but I held my peace still, for I knew the two nurses couldn't be away from him very much longer.

"The next thing the duke did was to shut the drawer firm and crawl back furtively to the corner where the loose square was up. He'd left it lifted out. Now he put back the blue paper, with the diamonds and things inside, and jammed down the square with all his might and main on top of them. As he did so I think he heard a noise outside. He started, stared around, clapped his hands to his ears, pulled back the corner of the carpet in a very great hurry, and ran for the bed almost as if nothing at all was the matter with him. But he was shivering all over, I could see, and faintly exhausted. The exertion had killed him. He jumped into bed like mad, pulled the clothes all over upon him, lay stiff and stark, and let his head fall back upon the pillow with his eyes shut so that I thought he was dying. I couldn't stand it any longer. I jumped away from the window, and crawled back, all on the shudder, meaning to go to the boudoir next door and call the duchess.

"When I got to the boudoir, the duchess was walking up and down, listening to the policeman's return, one of the nurses came up and spoke a few words under her breath to Douglas, who presently turned to the judge and said in a respectful tone, 'May I put a few more questions to this witness, my lord, bearing upon the facts just detailed to us by Elizabeth Pomeroy?'

"You may," the judge answered grumpily. "She's been sworn already, so no need to reswear her. Get into the box, witness."

The nurse stood up in the box once more, and Douglas proceeded to question her on the communication she had just made to him. The woman had three things to say—first, that the window going on the terrace was fastened from inside, both before and after her short absence from the room, so that Elizabeth Pomeroy could not then have got in from outside to secrete the paper; second, that a man was on guard on the landing, so that she could not have come in by the street door; and, third, that the police took possession of the room before she and her companion left it that evening. So that if anything of importance should be found in the duke's room it must certainly have been placed there at or before the time suggested by Elizabeth Pomeroy's story.

The Crown having refused to cross-examine Miss Pomeroy till the police returned, the court waited on after this in rather subdued silence. In an incredibly short time, however, the two men came back, bringing with them into court, amid profound sensation, a concealed something. The senior policeman, with practised familiarity, went into the box at once and was soon sworn. He exhibited the object he had found to the court. The judge examined it curiously, and then passed it on without one word to the attentive jury. It was a large piece of coarse blue paper, doubly and trebly folded, and with labels outside. Within was a quantity of fine white powder, and a number of small objects in gold and diamonds.

"What is written on the packet, my lord?" Douglas inquired anxiously.

"The judge examined the words closely.

"They're in some foreign language," he answered, with judicial vagueness; "possibly Norse, but I'm no Scandinavian scholar. The lower words are presumably a proper name, followed by a legend which may mean, Chemist, Christiania. However, the interpreter's in court. He will examine the paper, after the jury have seen it, and translate the words for us."

The interpreter stepped up with brisk readiness, and looked at the paper curiously. "The words mean, he said, "The powder as before, Poison. Ole Svendson, Chemist and Druggist to the King, Upper Palace-street, Christiania."

"Will my learned brother cross-examine the witness, Elizabeth Pomeroy, now?" the judge said, turning serenely to the senior counsel for the Crown.

Senior counsel for the Crown smiled a smile of conscious self-denial. "No thank you, my lord," he said. "We will leave the case as it stands to the jury. Elizabeth Pomeroy's statement may be taken for what it is worth-backed up by this confirmation, such as it is. We don't desire to comment upon it further than to point out the very singular nature of the witness's pursuits and the consequent improbability that her testimony can possess any great or really conclusive value."

"You don't wish to address the jury again, Mr.—ah—Harrison?" the little judge said, more cordially.

"No thank you, my lord," Douglas answered, with a confident smile. "Like the learned Attorney-general, I prefer to leave myself in the hands of the jury."

The little judge leaned forward, and looked very wise. "The evidence just tendered in so irregular a way," he observed oracularly, "has left me little or nothing to add to the summing up I have already addressed to you, gentlemen. If you now believe the witness, Elizabeth Pomeroy, whose story has certainly been confirmed in one remarkable particular by the police in the case, you will add the weight of her evidence, be it more or less, to the general weight of that which I have previously detailed to you. If, on the contrary, you think with the learned Attorney-general her testimony is tainted by her own frank admission of a life of deceit and hardened vice, then you will weigh it well, and allow it such importance as in your opinion may properly attach to it. But I may tell you, gentlemen, and the blind old judge braced himself up for a singularly free expression of judicial opinion. "I may tell you that the peculiar circumstances under which this woman's evidence has been given, and her apparently straightforward desire to save what she seems to regard as an innocent life, entitle her testimony in this case, in my judgment, to far more consideration than might otherwise be given under other conditions by reason of her being a woman."

The judge looked at his watch and conferred with the Crown. "It's rather late," he mumbled testily, "but I suppose all parties concerned would prefer that this case should be completed to-night without further adjournment. Are you willing, Mr. Harrison, I should send round two policemen by cab at once to search the spot indicated?"

"By all means, if your lordship thinks fit," Douglas answered with a smile.

"Perhaps you wish to retire again?" the little judge asked, peering at them.

"Shall I go with them, my lord?" Miss Pomeroy asked in an eager tone.

"Certainly not," the judge responded

driously. "We will detain you here, witness, for the present, till we've ascertained the truth of your story."

There was a bustle once more. The Crown would defer Elizabeth Pomeroy's cross-examination till the police reported on the state of the room.

Linda leaned back in her chair wearily. The suspense of the trial was almost over now, and already she felt her character vindicated. But Bertie—the Bertie she knew, and almost loved—was gone for ever. In his place an unspeakable something had burst upon her life. An awful Presentment haunted her. She understood at last why that smile of recognition with which he greeted her as she entered the room after his final dose of morphine had so inexplicably chilled and frozen the very marrow in her bones. He had smiled to think he was successful in his devilish plotto murderer.

But as the policeman left the court, on their errand of search Mr. Mitchell Hanbury leaned across from his seat and whispered once more in Douglas's ear, "Very well planned, very well planned, indeed. You couldn't have brought in your best witness for the defence more effectively or with more dramatic surroundings!"

## CHAPTER L.

## GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

As the court waited, somewhat listlessly, for the policeman's return, one of the nurses came up and spoke a few words under her breath to Douglas, who presently turned to the judge and said in a respectful tone, "May I put a few more questions to this witness, my lord, bearing upon the facts just detailed to us by Elizabeth Pomeroy?"

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The nurse stood up in the box once more, and Douglas proceeded to question her on the communication she had just made to him. The woman had three things to say—first, that the window going on the terrace was fastened from inside, both before and after her short absence from the room, so that Elizabeth Pomeroy could not then have got in from outside to secrete the paper; second, that a man was on guard on the landing, so that she could not have come in by the street door; and, third, that the police took possession of the room before she and her companion left it that evening.

So that if anything of importance should be found in the duke's room it must certainly have been placed there at or before the time suggested by Elizabeth Pomeroy's story.

The Crown having refused to cross-examine Miss Pomeroy till the police returned, the court waited on after this in rather subdued silence. In an incredibly short time, however, the two men came back, bringing with them into court, amid profound sensation, a concealed something. The senior policeman, with practised familiarity, went into the box at once and was soon sworn. He exhibited the object he had found to the court. The judge examined it curiously, and then passed it on without one word to the attentive jury. It was a large piece of coarse blue paper, doubly and trebly folded, and with labels outside.

Within was a quantity of fine white powder, and a number of small objects in gold and diamonds.

"What is written on the packet, my lord?" Douglas inquired anxiously.

"The judge examined the words closely.

"They're in some foreign language," he answered, with judicial vagueness; "possibly Norse, but I'm no Scandinavian scholar. The lower words are presumably a proper name, followed by a legend which may mean, Chemist, Christiania. However, the interpreter's in court. He will examine the paper, after the jury have seen it, and translate the words for us."

The interpreter stepped up with brisk readiness, and looked at the paper curiously. "The words mean, he said, "The powder as before, Poison. Ole Svendson, Chemist and Druggist to the King, Upper Palace-street, Christiania."

"Will my learned brother cross-examine the witness, Elizabeth Pomeroy, now?" the judge said, turning serenely to the senior counsel for the Crown.

Senior counsel for the Crown smiled a smile of conscious self-denial. "No thank you, my lord," he said. "We will leave the case as it stands to the jury. Elizabeth Pomeroy's statement may be taken for what it is worth-backed up by this confirmation, such as it is. We don't desire to comment upon it further than to point out the very singular nature of the witness's pursuits and the consequent improbability that her testimony can possess any great or really conclusive value."

"You don't wish to address the jury again, Mr.—ah—Harrison?" the little judge said, more cordially.

"No thank you, my lord," Douglas answered, with a confident smile.

"Like the learned Attorney-general, I prefer to leave myself in the hands of the jury."

The little judge leaned forward, and looked very wise. "The evidence just tendered in so irregular a way," he observed oracularly, "has left me little or nothing to add to the summing up I have already addressed to you, gentlemen. If you now believe the witness, Elizabeth Pomeroy, whose story has certainly been confirmed in one remarkable particular by the police in the case, you will add the weight of her evidence, be it more or less, to the general weight of that which I have previously detailed to you. If, on the contrary, you think with the learned Attorney-general her testimony is tainted by her own frank admission of a life of deceit and hardened vice, then you will weigh it well, and allow it such importance as in your opinion may properly attach to it. But I may tell you, gentlemen, and the blind old judge braced himself up for a singularly free expression of judicial opinion. "I may tell you that the peculiar circumstances under which this woman's evidence has been given, and her apparently straightforward desire to save what she seems to regard as an innocent life, entitle her testimony in this case, in my judgment, to far more consideration than might otherwise be given under other conditions by reason of her being a woman."

The judge looked at his watch and conferred with the Crown. "It's rather late," he mumbled testily, "but I suppose all parties concerned would prefer that this case should be completed to-night without further adjournment. Are you willing, Mr. Harrison, I should send round two policemen by cab at once to search the spot indicated?"

"By all means, if your lordship thinks fit," Douglas answered with a smile.

"Perhaps you wish to retire again?" the little judge asked, peering at them.

"Shall I go with them, my lord?" Miss Pomeroy asked in an eager tone.

"Certainly not," the judge responded

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

## (From the Woman.)

I am enabled to state, on the very highest authority, that the Queen has been in excellent health throughout the autumn. Her Majesty has been out driving or walking every day, and, although the weather has been unusually wet, cold, and stormy at Dusseldorf, yet she has suffered from rheumatism in the knee, which has sometimes troubled her since the accident which she met with at Windsor Castle about ten years ago. The Queen has not been in better health than she is at present any time during the last twenty years.

There was dead silence as before.

Once more the clerk of arraignment spoke out the solemn words, "Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner at the bar, Linda, Duchess of Powysland, guilty or not guilty of wilful murder?"

The foreman of the jury, clearing his throat a second time, read out again from the score of paper he held in his hands, "We find her not guilty; and we desire further to express our unanimous belief that Adalbert Owen Trefaldwyn, Duke of Powysland, contrary to the opinion of the coroner's jury, died by his own hand, having fully and deliberately administered to himself an overdose of morphine."

The foreman paused for a second, then added, "That, my lord, was the verdict we had arrived upon without one dissentient voice before we heard Elizabeth Pomeroy's evidence; and Elizabeth Pomeroy's evidence, I need hardly say, has only confirmed it."

This is very irregular; the little judge mumbled half to himself, "very irregular, indeed; extremely irregular."

The jury, empanelled to try the accused on a capital charge, is taking upon itself the functions of a coroner's inquest. But under the circumstances, I suppose, it can't be helped. And all I have to say myself on the matter is that I entirely coincide in all your findings."

In the dock, Linda stood half to the second time, read out again from the score of paper he held in his hands, "We find her not guilty; and we desire further to express our unanimous belief that Adalbert Owen Trefaldwyn, Duke of Powysland, contrary to the opinion of the coroner's jury, died by his own hand, having fully and deliberately administered to himself an overdose of morphine."

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OUR OMNIBUS.  
PIPER PAN.

M. Padewski on Wednesday last started for his tour in America and Australia, and will not return to Europe until the beginning of the year 1892. He has been almost idolized by his English admirers, and his farewell recital on Tuesday at St. James's Hall was attended by over 2,500 music-lovers. I have heard all the great pianists who have visited England from Thalberg (inclusive), and with the exception of Rubinstein, when in his prime, I consider Padewski the greatest of all.

It may interest some of M. Padewski's provincial admirers to learn that he has got rid of nine-tenths of that extraordinary bush of yellowish hair which until recently decorated his cranium, and our American readers will find that in his present aspect he does not correspond to the photographs of which thousands have been sent to America. I hope that our American cousins will not induce him to "live up to" those formidable pictures.

In reply to a courteous and complimentary letter from "S. M. W." respecting the Hallel Festival which will be given at Westminster Abbey next Wednesday, at 7.0 p.m., in aid of the Royal Society of Musicians, I wish to explain to her and other readers that the only free seats will be those in the north transept, and they who get there earliest will have the best seats.

The Westminster Orchestral Society's seventh season will commence on Wednesday evening, December 9th. This society's orchestra, chiefly, if not wholly, consists of amateurs, who have made considerable progress since the society started. The concerts are well organized, and seeing that an annual subscription of £15. entitles to three tickets for each concert and free admission to two smoking concerts, it seems to me that such an institution should be patronised extensively by the inhabitants of Westminster and its vicinity.

The professed admirers of Wagner, at Paris, have soon cooled down their enthusiasm. Instead of performing his "Lohengrin" intact, they have struck out much of the score, notably the latter half of the last act. I learn from a French correspondent that the Parisians are delighted with a parody of "Lohengrin," entitled "Léon on Crin," which draws large audiences.

The Monday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on Monday last was largely attended, the shilling seats being densely crowded. M. Hess was a satisfactory substitute for Lady Hallé, who will resume her position as first violin a few weeks hence. I should like to know why it is that she is always mentioned as "Madame Néruda" in the programmes of these concerts. Everyone knows that she has for some years been the wife of Sir Charles Hallé.

Mr. George Grossmith's matinée on Monday last attracted an audience that completely filled St. James's Hall. His programme included a diverting novelty, "the new humorous sketch" entitled "Play-acting," in which he introduced a new song, "The Stage and your Bits Relations," which was deservedly applauded. I hear that the engagements made for him by the indefatigable Mr. Vert cover the remainder of the year.

The poet (?) who has written the translation of the lyrics in "La Basoche" I suppose must be a foreigner, unacquainted with the laws of English poetry. I have before me the "book of words," which has greatly amused me. As specimens of the "rhymes" it contains I will quote only three: "lovely above me," "virgin-image" and "princess-princess." I am reminded of my deceased friend Farini's reply to a postcard who brought him a MS. song. Farini pointed out a ridiculously false rhyme in the first verse. The postcard replied that it was an "asconance"; whereupon, looking him straight in the face, Farini answered, "I see the asconance; but where is the rhyme?"

**OLLA PODRIDA.**—Rubinstein has nearly completed an oratorio, entitled "Moses," and is at work on an opera to be entitled "The Gipsies."—The "wondrous boy" Otto Hugo, will make a "recital tour" in our provinces next spring, under the management of Mr. Vert.—Another eminent pianist, De Pachman, has arranged with Mr. Vert for a series of performances, commencing in May next.—Madame De Pachman's American tour is postponed till next autumn.—The Belgian violinist, Ysaye, will lead the next Monday Popular Concert.—MM. Ludwig and Whitehouse will give evening concerts at Prince's Hall, November 13th and 20th and December 9th.

## MUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

With reference to Mr. E. Jeffery's collecting of butterflies on Wimbleton Common, Mr. Attwood writes that he does not think that my correspondent worked the locality very fairly productive. Mr. Attwood has also hunted over it on Saturday afternoons during the past year, and has amassed some 700 specimens. He says that to obtain good results brambles should be beaten, roots examined, nettles stirred up, &c., and if this is conscientiously done the locality is very fairly productive.

He is sceptical as to the authenticity of Mr. Jeffery's black-winged white, wood white, and silver-spotted skipper. None of these are common, and the first is especially rare in England. Personally, I do not know the butterfly products of the common, and as every district has its own specialities, I do not offer an opinion myself. But Mr. Attwood's opinion as an experienced naturalist, well acquainted with the locality, is valuable. Is it not possible that Mr. Jeffery has confounded his species with ones of similar appearance? Has he compared them with the specimens in any museum?

A piebald blackbird is a handsome and curious-looking creature; it is, moreover, decidedly a rare bird. One was seen lately by a gentleman in a garden on the north side of Clapham Common. From information afforded to a morning paper by other correspondents, it appears that all last winter it was flying about the Elm Park estate, on the southern side, receiving crumbs every morning in a garden there during the severe weather. It is also suggested that it is one of the progeny of a bird of similar hue, which, mated to an ordinary hen blackbird, has regularly raised its brood for four years in a Putney garden. So Clapham and Putney readers may keep a look out for at least two piebald blackbirds which are at present in that district. The senior one was probably in turn the descendant of a white blackbird. Let us hope that the distinguished birds may escape cats and boys, and survive the rigours of the approaching winter.

By the way, a correspondent, "A. W.," has already written to me inquiring the best food to give the birds during their period of hunger and cold. Well, at that time, if there is a severe or prolonged frost, the birds will eat almost anything. Of course, all the bread-crumb from the table should be given them. These should be of different sizes, so as to suit different birds, but none should be too large, or the eager little things may choke themselves. Little pieces of meat, ham or fat, &c., &c., will be generally

eaten, and will be very beneficial. For tom-tits and some other small birds, the best way is to tie a bone or two with a little meat on it to the branch of a tree. You may use canary or hemp. Two ladies of my acquaintance, who are deeply attached to birds, all last winter kept up a constant dinner for them. At the commencement of the long frost they laid in packets of bird-seed and biscuits, which they lavishly bestowed day by day. The news quickly spread among the dickeys, and at last such a vast concourse assembled daily that the people in the road need to stop to watch the animated spectacle. By no means forget the water, which is most important. See that it is broken frequently, so that the birds do not suffer from thirst, which is as fatal to them as hunger. It is very hard weather the ice has to be frequently broken, but it is not much trouble, and is very necessary to the birds.

Miss Grace Warner and her father, Mr. Charles Warner, are about to appear in London, it seems, in Charles Reade's "Dora." This is a dramatic adaption of the touching little pastoral by Tennyson, and was, for a time, popular on the London boards. Its revival will be welcomed. Miss Warner was to have figured as Galatea in Mr. Gilbert's play; but it is understood that Mr. Gilbert is rather exigent in his requirements regarding this piece, and apparently the negotiations for the use of it proved unsuccessful.

## OLD IZAAK.

The Thames is once more in good order, and given a continuance of fine weather, some good baskets may be fairly expected. The opportunity is one that should on no account be lost, and I recommend my angling friends to go on the war-path at once. At Kingston, John Johnson in four days last week took eighteen dozen roach and dace, five bream, and two jack. N. Bolton in three days had twelve dozen roach and dace, and J. Knight sixteen dozen roach and dace, three chub, two bream, and one barbel. At Sunbury, Edward Clarke had a take of thirty perch, eighteen of which weighed from 1lb. to 1lb. each. Alfred Strand's records is four dozen fish; J. Lock's three dozen roach, and J. Battie one and a half dozen of roach, in each case the result of one day's work.

Anglers from the banks have been getting some excellent fish, and fine shows were made at several of the clubs on Sunday last. The Great Northern Brothers were well to the front, and I believe not far short of 20lb. weight graced their trays, chiefly from the Thames. The Islington Brothers had also a good show, of only a little under 20lb. from the Colne and Stour, the largest roach (taken by Mr. Wiltshire) weighing 1lb. 6oz.

There is no doubt that to birds that have for any length of time been kept in captivity, the case and safety of cage life is very often, if not generally, most acceptable. We had "E. B." ditch the other day, and this week Mr. Tuck tells us of a canary who had tried liberty and had not found it as comfortable as captivity. Some years ago this gentleman, who resides at Brighton, on entering his bedroom saw a canary perched on the toilet glass. Started at his entrance, it flew out of the window, but soon returned. A cage was procured and put on the table, and when my correspondent tried to catch the bird, it flew the handle of its own accord and is still in his possession. One reason which probably sickened him of life out of doors is the persecution which generally awaits such a refugee at the hands of the native birds. Sparrows and others behave to a canary in the most vicious and rancorous manner. They regularly mob the unfortunate stranger, who, accustomed to a quiet and secure existence, is soon buffeted to death, as surely as the jackdaw in peacock's plumes was by his unassuming mate. Perhaps they think that, like the jester, the canary is merely a topless sparrow who has somehow decked himself out. Or they may have a natural dislike to foreigners coming amongst them and "taking the bread from their mouths." They certainly treat them very much as the "heathen Chinese" likes to treat the "foreign devils," as he politely terms us poor Europeans, when one or two of the said "devils" are found unprotected in some inland village.

## THE ACTOR.

The ceremony of "inaugurating" Daly's Theatre was very pleasant and successful as far as it went, but there was one respect in which it might have been improved upon. Mrs. Bancroft has a very distinguished record as an actress, and is an excellent public speaker; but she belongs, artistically, to the past, and it would surely have been more appropriate for the welcome accorded to Mr. Daly's enterprise had been put into the mouth of a lady representative of the English stage of to-day. Miss Marion Terry was present on the occasion. She is in the foremost rank of our working actresses, and her participation in the ceremony would have been an attractive feature of it.

I looked in at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon and found the big hall crowded in all parts. What had been the attraction? Mr. George Grossmith in his now well-known entertainment. The success of this little gentleman carries with it a notable moral. His talent is not great, but he knows its limitations and keeps within them. In my opinion, he is not equal either as humourist or as musician to Mr. Corney Grin, but he understands his powers and never overrates them. Moreover, in his satire he never flies above the level of the ordinary comprehension, and that is always a wise thing to do.

The reception given to Mr. Jones' "Crusaders" on Monday evening was not, I think, creditable to the audience. I do not say that either the applauders or the hooters were wrong in the opinion they held; it was their method of expressing their opinion to which I now draw attention. When a man like Mr. Jones, who has done good work in the past, makes what seems a mistake, it is nothing less than bad manners to hoot him and his production. There are faults in "The Crusaders," but there are also merits, and certainly the piece does not call for the opprobrious treatment accorded to it on Monday by a rowdy portion of the spectators.

I am not surprised that Mr. Jones was tempted, on the following evening, to say a few bitter things in reference to the proceedings of the preceding night. But I think it is a pity that authors ever come before the curtain. It may be agreeable to them to be applauded, but, if they are hissed, presumably they don't like it; and, as the nature of their welcome cannot always be anticipated, they would do well always to remain behind the scenes. Novelties do not stand outside their publisher's doors, and how their acknowledgments to the purchasers of their books, why should the playwright present himself to the public?

Mr. Daly's company is, admittedly, a clever and often an engaging one, but it is to be regretted that a few of its members have the Americans accent so strongly. Present at the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, when "As You Like It" was revived, I found my enjoyment of the play sadly interfered with by the aggressive Americanism of the Jaques in particular. Some of the company speak English excellently; others are not so happily situated, and, when they are heard in such a classic as Shakspeare, I confess they set my teeth on edge.

"The Basoche" is beautifully placed upon the stage, but it is not possible to pay too heavy a price for the completeness of scenic effect which is now-a-days aimed at. We read that the first performance of "The Basoche" was not over till a quarter past twelve, and that one of the entr'actes was half an hour long. No doubt the length of the representation has by this time been considerably curtailed; but it is not possible to overdo this devotion to scenic brilliancy and detail? After all, the play's the thing, and most of us would rather have a more modest mise en scène than be wearied by long entr'actes and prolonged performances.

Miss Maude Millett has just concluded a successful stay at Cambridge, where she has from time to time been seen in characters to which she has been a stranger in London. On the banks of the Cam she has played in "New Men and Old Men." "Marie" and ten other pieces were taken. They all of the trim in front resting on the hair. The

"Basoche," and more recently in "Engaged" and "The Silver Shield." She seems to be ambitious to "star" as a comedienne. She certainly has great charm of appearance and some of manner; but there has lately been a tendency in the latter respects to run into mannerism, and even into affectation.

Lieutenant and Quartermaster Nadia, 3rd Battalion East Surrey Regiment, fishing the Stock Yard Pond, Home Park, Hampton Court, on Saturday last hooked and landed a jack measuring 32 inches in length. The fish, which was out of condition, weighed 1lb. 12oz.

## GENERAL CHATTER.

Quite a number of obliging correspondents have sent me specifications of methods by which coal dust may be solidified, and thus converted into good fuel by householders themselves. These communications are the outcome of a notelet which I indited the week before last, and it is my duty, therefore—a very pleasant one—to thank the senders for their kindness. As space could not be spared in the "Omnibus" for such a quantity of matter, a selection will appear this week in another column, under the heading "Solidification of Coal Dust."

What a terrible martyr is the British damsel to the young Indian gentlemen who has come to England to study! There must have been quite a score of breed of promised cases lately in which these parties played the leading parts, and in almost every instance the tender-hearted Asiatic suffered in pocket. Not without cause, either; these quahing young men toss about matrimonial proposals in the wildest way and on the slightest provocation. The laundry of a West-End boarding-house tells me that she once made discovery that an Indian boarder had sought the affections of every woman in the house, including the servants, finally laying siege to herself. He had to book up his pretty considerably before he got quit of the resulting entanglements.

It may not be disputed, on the other hand, that our virgins do lay themselves out, in many cases, to ensnare these swarthy youths.

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existence, is soon buffeted to death, as surely as the jackdaw in peacock's plumes was by his unassuming mate.

Caps for daytime and evening are much in vogue for wear among married ladies and those who have passed their prime of youth.

The fashion is a pretty one, becoming to most people, and decidedly preferable to the piles of false hair sometimes indulged in. These caps, I assure you, are very easy to make, requiring little material. You can turn them out in the best style for very small money, and will give you some idea of the newest Paris styles. One made for a very great lady had the frame of a double row of narrow ribbons, wire snood, so as to form rather a point in front. The wire was covered with a soft fold of a lovely shade of pale green velvet, the crown was composed of biscuit-coloured lace, forming fans at each side and drooping well over the shape; at the back two long loops of the lace hung down the back and a few loops of narrow pale green velvet mingled through the fan-plaited lace on the crown. It was meant for the afternoon wear.

I was quite charmed with a morning cap that may be unpicked, washed, and made up again to look like new. It was of kitted cream muslin trimmed with peach-coloured ribbon. The muslin was arranged over a small net-shape in a double row of kitting, which stood erect down the centre of the crown. Another row of single kitting lay flat round the shape, resting on the hair. This lower row gradually narrowed off towards the back, and was finished by a butterfly bow of peach-coloured ribbon, another bow of which was placed at the left side. Now I must give you the loveliest little evening cap, made of pale pink chiffon, embroidered with sprays of forget-me-nots. The chiffon was gathered to cover the shape, and fell over the sides and front, drooping somewhat lower at the back. Narrow loops of pale blue ribbon trimmed the frill of chiffon in front; on the top of the crown was a white sashette. On the back was a bow of blue ribbon, with the ends just resting on the hair.

There is no doubt that the three-quarter coats, cloaks, and capes will continue the favourite outdoor covering for the winter. The distinctive feature of the cloaks and capes being the hoods. In fact, there is quite a craze about hoods just now, and certainly the smart comfortable appearance they present with the bright bit of colour given by the lining is attractive. Gipsy hoods are special favourites. For lining shot silks, plaids, and stripes are largely used, but many good dressers prefer rich soft black silks or plain colours, such as old gold, crimson, scarlet, &c. One of the newest of the three-quarter capes is made with a shaped seam down the back, and on either side, close to the seam, is a single pleat stitched down to just below the waist from whence the fullness is left unconfining, the shoulders are very fully gathered. A framing of fur goes round the bottom of the cape at each side as far as the pleats in the centre of the back. The gipsy hood is lined with a plaid silk and the high collar covered with fur. The capes may be made in either broad cloth or serge. It may be useful to tell you that I see in the current number of "The Excellent Monthly," "Widow's Lady," Journal, that flat patterns of this very capes is given with full directions how to put it together.

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## JACK ALLROUND.

"G." should first have the roots well cleaned and scraped, and the discoloured portion near the set of the leaves carefully removed. Then cut up the roots into pieces of an inch or two in thickness. Fill the copper with salt and water, sprinkling them liberally with salt while washing. Then remove the heads, gills, &c., and wash them again in salted water, and spread them out on sieves or gratings to drain, and dry a little in the sun and wind; or if, as so often happens in this country, sunny days are not to be had for the operation, you should substitute a current of dry air, which is done in many curing-houses. The next proceeding is to have some boiling olive oil, under which while it is boiling, the fish must be plunged for from one to two minutes. Let them drain again after this, and then pack them closely in tins, which you must then fill with cold olive oil, and have them soldered down and submitted for a short time to the action of steam or water just on the boil.

Three correspondents request me to tell them how to waterproof boots. There are several ways of doing it; I have only space for one. Get some copal varnish, or some prefer, some prepared casein-varnish. Whichever you use see that the soles of your boots are perfectly dry before you apply it, and if you are about to operate upon new boots, if they have a black varnish over the soles you must get off. This can easily be done with a piece of fine glass-paper; take off the black polish also from the soles. Whichever of the varnishes you use thin it with turpentine, using about a tablespoonful of the turpentine to half a pint of the varnish. Set your boots in a dry room, soles up, and with a bristly brush—a penny gum brush will do—administer three heavy coats of varnish on the soles and soles the first day and two coats on the second day, and after that one coat every day until the leather will absorb no more. Never miss a day until you get the soles and heels saturated. Two days after you have put on the last coat you should wear the boots, that they may take the shape of the foot before the varnish dries. The uppers of the boots should have castor oil liberally rubbed in on the two or three last days. This will not prevent the boots from taking a good polish.

I am requested by "Dora" and "C. L." to say how the savelays, such as you buy at pork butchers, can be made. These, a favourite delicacy of Charles Dickens, when he was a poor and troubled lad in the London streets, are nothing more than pork sausages slightlyвариев for the purpose of their keeping for a longer time. Take, say, three pounds of pork free from skin and bone, and salt it well with an ounce of saltpetre and half a pound of common salt for two days, then put it through a machine, if you have one, or chop it up very fine, and add three teaspoonfuls of pepper and about a dozen sage leaves rubbed or chopped up very fine, and one pound of grated bread crumbs. Well fill the skins, and either steam or bake them in a slack oven for half an hour. They can be eaten either hot or cold. The above is the correct method, but they are often made with meat scraps of different sorts prepared as above, and are often offered for sale, like sausage rolls, in puff paste. Light puff paste is rolled into square pieces, a single savelay put in the centre, the paste turned over upon it, and then cooked.

The washing of flannels always requires care. Those who will persist in washing their flannels "along with the other clothes," as "M. M." has done, cannot expect otherwise than that they have shrunk and hardened badly. My correspondent says she has carefully read from the very first my column chiefly for its cooking and laundry information. All I can say is she has paid little heed to her reading, for I have several times told her how to restore her flannels as she has advised." "Mrs. A. L." and "S. V." wish to know how to wash various articles of apparel and coloured flannel. Let them prepare a good soap lather in hot water, and when the dyes are known to be unstable put in a little common salt. Let the laundry cool down to warm, and for unstable dyes, to barely tepid; throw your flannel in and work it up and down, backwards and forwards, without any scrubbing or rubbing in of soap. Just let the movement in the water take out the dirt loosened by the soap lather, then rinse in plenty of warm water, twice over if needs be. Your flannel at this stage should feel soft to the touch; if it is sticky or hard rinse it over again, but never use neither hot or cold water with it, or you will cause it to shrink and harden. Be careful in wringing and drying; do neither too hastily; dry in a shady place in the open air if you can, but on no account dry it quickly with great heat. It is best if you can do without ironing, but some things will need it. These should be first dried, then spread on the ironing board, and covered with slightly damp cloth iron over this, pressing down heavily with a not too hot iron, and being specially careful with unstable colours & flannels.

**DISAPPOINTED LOVE.**

A case of disappointed love, ending in a tragical dénouement, such as the romantic writers of the early part of the century delighted in, has occurred at Nogent-sur-Marne, a pretty suburb at the eastern end of Paris. A young woman of about 30, named Marie Lebonf, came to the locality sometime ago and took a small apartment in a highly respectable house. She obtained a living by giving lessons in one of the local schools and in private families. Being of attractive appearance and agreeable manners and her character being quite above suspicion, she quickly became a favourite among the inhabitants. During the spring of this year, however, a great change came over Mlle. Lebonf. She made the acquaintance of a young man named Dérat, an employe in a government department, and suddenly conceived a wild, unreasoning passion for him. The couple were seen together every evening walking on the banks of the river, and Marie, who hitherto had taken care to keep herself free from reproach, received frequent and prolonged visits from her lover. A few days ago Dérat informed his lady-love that he would be obliged to cease his liaison with her, as his master had found a fiancée with money, whom his filial duty compelled him to marry. Mlle. Lebonf, who had cherished the idea that at some future time she would become the wife of her lover, said nothing, but became sad and morose. The other morning, while Dérat was still sleeping, Marie, after loading noiselessly a small revolver which she always kept in her room, placed the muzzle against the man's temple and shot him dead. The report caused the concierge to appear upon the scene, and a doctor was sent for. On realising the state of affairs the latter went quickly in search of the commissioner of police, but before he could reach the house Marie Lebonf had thrown herself on the bed and had shot herself. When the medical man returned he found her still alive, but was unable to render any assistance, as the ball was embedded in the brain. The poor girl lingered for six hours, gaining strength enough frequently to raise herself up and look upon the corpse of her lover. When the relatives of the unfortunate couple arrived, a painful scene of recrimination was enacted, the parents of Dérat insisting that Marie Lebonf had been the ruin of their son, while those of the girl were equally bitter in their reprobation of the dead man. The young woman, who had made her will on Sunday evening, left instructions for her burial to take place, without any religious ceremony, in her native village of Saint-Sauveur-le-Bray.

With regard to the ink, the aniline violet colour can be made to give the largest number of copies, and is, therefore, most useful. It is prepared by dissolving one part aniline blue violet in seven parts water and one part alcohol. I am told, but have never tried it, that a good black copying ink can be made by dissolving one ounce of sugar-candy in a pint and a half of good black ink. To use the slab, the writing is executed on ordinary writing-paper, with a coloured aniline ink, as above given, and when the writing has dried it is transferred by laying it on the slab and applying a gentle rubbing with the hand to establish an even contact with the soft pointaceous composition. The written paper is allowed to remain in contact with the slab for about two minutes, and is then stripped off, leaving behind it the greater part of the ink. To obtain copies from this it is only necessary to lay paper on the slab and rub it down with the hand or a pad. When the number of copies your require are obtained, or when you have obtained as large a number that they begin to be too faint, the slab should be cleaned with a damp sponge and is then again ready for use. When done with, it should always be kept clean.

To make beetroot beer my correspondent

**AT A LONDON LATTE.**

What do I gaze on down below,  
Where tides of life meet, mingle, flow?  
On to that vast sea—human woe.  
On shame, with half-averted head;  
On beauty's manufactured lies;  
On pride and pleasure, worldly wise;  
On sickness, death dust in its eyes;  
On vice, a-hunting for the pearl;  
On crime, without a touch of shame;  
On ambition looking for a name;  
On virtue's jewel set in gold.  
Hard as its setting and as cold.  
Age, with its life book nearly shut,  
Youth, with its pages scarcely cut.  
Oh! troubled maze; oh! tangled skein,  
Whose skill can put thee straight again?  
Love's shuttle cannot weave aright,  
Or else grows dim my earthly sight.  
Poor melting shades of human bliss,  
Are they embodied visions this?  
This inky cloud o'er men and things,  
No white sweep of an angel's wings  
Can soothe away. No voice from hell  
Rises above heaven's trumpet swell.  
What, then, the use of all the rush—  
Life's fevered morn, death's eveing hush?  
"God hath forgotten," saith the seer;  
"And God is cruel," saith the tear.  
"God's good. He giveth," smiles the glad;  
God taketh from us," walls the sad.  
He will remember," tells the priest.  
"The burdened woes of man and beast."  
Oh! who is right? Sweet heaven above,  
Lean o'er and whisper "God is love."

I knew a woman once who stood  
A plain embodiment of good.  
Simple yet learned, grave yet gay,  
A lone flower on a desert way.  
Yet fair enough to catch the eye  
Of e'en the proudest passer-by.  
While charm of an accomplished grace  
To beauty of her mind gave place.  
She looked on sin with innocent gaze,  
And walked unscared through every way.  
Even this world she did not shun  
Though striving for a better one.  
Yet, even yet, from childhood's years  
Her glass of life was dimmed with tears.  
Loas, sternest foe of all, had done  
What grief and sickness had begun.  
Injustice trampled on her heart,  
Love came and went and left a smart.  
Slander the gentle spirit wrung,  
Lies poisoned truth upon her tongue.  
Sick, wronged, poor, lonely, and alone,  
While Judas kisses met her own.  
Yet, bending deep beneath the red,  
Still trusting in a silent God.

Then, when the sun was bursting through  
Grey clouds and turning them to blue,  
And when, just for a little while,  
The world on her had learnt to smile.  
And love for once was merry-eyed,  
And hope gave promise of a night  
Sweeter than morning flush of light—  
She died.

Enthroned and crowned and sceptred sin,  
Must ye alone earth's homage win?  
Must the great souls who fight for truth  
Be blasted even from their youth?

Like here, with good so firmly knit,  
The world must needs be rid of it.  
Why was she taken when the frowns  
Of the great cross had proved a crown?

Then, at my window, looking in,  
The face of poise hid that of sin.  
And swept away the matley throng  
Of nightmares clamouring of wrong.

Away the city's tumult rolled,  
The great world's slaves were bought and sold:

The crowd beneath its tale told on

Battles lost and victories won.

But all unto my soul was mute,

I had forgot the long dispute.

'Twixt right and wrong. Like music burst  
From angel harps o'er worlds afar.

Truth gathered shape and whispered low.

"'Twas not better she should go?"

The world looked on and answered "No."

But looking far across its wild,  
Faith's hand in mine, again a child,

My spirit whispered, "Better so."

KAT BEE.

**MURDEROUS EXPLOITS OF ESCAPED CONVICTS.**

A reign of terror prevails at Vladivostock, owing to the murderous exploits of fourteen escaped convicts, who were employed on the new Trans-Siberian railway. Immediately after getting away the convicts proceeded to a farmhouse and killed the three inmates in order to obtain civilians' clothes. Their next victim was a French naval officer, whom they surprised walking to a dairy outside the town. The officer was accorded a military funeral, a Russian band attending. When the bandmaster was returning home he also was attacked and murdered by the convicts. At the departure of the last mail the whole gang were still at large.

**THE "QUEEN'S SHILLING."**

At the Portsmouth Police Court, Charles Condon, alias Frank Kent, alias Kump, alias Wilson, alias Robinson, alias Rogers, 28, a corporal in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, stationed at Victoria Barracks, Southsea, and Lydia Condon, 25, his wife, who had a baby in arms, were charged with having counterfeit coins and tools in their possession for the manufacture of counterfeit coins. Det.-sergt. Munt deposed that on Saturday October 31st, in company with P.C. Money, he went to the Victoria Barracks, and at his request the sergeant-major called the prisoner, who was a corporal in the Royal Inniskillings, into the room. Witness said, "I am a police officer, and I have good reason to believe that you are Kent, alias Robinson, and are wanted for coining." Prisoner said "Yes," and attempted to prove his innocence by saying he was a sergeant-major in the Royal Inniskillings. The sergeant-major called for the defence, who said that he was one of the party. Mr. Bontall had invited them to supper at the club, but when they got there they found the door on the chair. They knocked, and the doorkeeper, through the partly opened door, said it was too late for a member to bring his friends there. Mr. Bontall said that he would be admitted, and just at that moment a constable came up and asked them what they were doing there. The constable repeated his demand to be admitted, whereupon the constable seized him, saying, "Come along with me." Slavin did not move or utter a word. Then a whistle was blown, and another constable arrived, and he and the doctor were removed to the station. They were not drunk certainly.—Mr. Newton: What do you call drunk?—Witness: I believe a man is drunk when he has lost his senses, and don't know what he's arguing about—if he argues wrongly, and makes a wrong point.—Mr. Newton: Don't argue with me, sir; stand down. Don't talk such nonsense. The prisoners were both drunk and making a disturbance in the street, and for that they will pay £5 each.

**STRANGE HISTORY OF A COFFEE PLANT.**

The story of a coffee plant, as told by Dr. Kerr Cross, possesses quite a romantic interest. Some ten years ago the authorities of Kew Gardens sent out by way of experiment a number of slips of the coffee plant to the Luton charity cup competition, addressed a postcard to the secretary of the 10th Lancers' club at Aldershot, inviting that club to take part in the season's contest. The card failed to reach its destination, and seems instead to have been passed on from Aldershot to India, receiving half a dozen stamps at Lucknow, from which place it made its way to Bombay. After this going half round the world, it has just been returned to the writer, half covered with post marks.

Dr. Schienfurther, the eminent African explorer, believing it impossible that Emin Pacha can have gone to Wadelai, asserts that Emin's destination is the country between the Albert Edward and Albert Nyanza. The people were remanded.

## A FRENCH MURDER.

Murdering a millionaire was the crime for which Jean Marie Gautier stood arraigned before the Assize Court at Quimper, in Brittany. The so-called millionaire was a M. Le Delion, formerly lawyer, banker, rent collector, commission agent, and representative of an insurance company at Pont l'Abbé. M. Le Delion was always regarded as the wealthiest man in the district. His father was a prosperous farmer, and left him an enviable banking account, with land, houses, and general property of great value. In 1878 the banker gave up his legal practice in order to devote himself with more freedom and energy to his other pursuits. A few years ago M. Le Delion made the acquaintance of Gantier, who was a miller and baker at Commeau. Acting on the advice of the ex-notary, Gantier—who had married—set up a steamer flour mill at Pont l'Abbé. In this concern M. Le Delion had a considerable share, but a crash came and Gantier was soon bankrupt. He blamed his partner, the ex-lawyer, for his troubles, and became very quarrelsome and detested, especially as he had a large family to support. The prisoner went out duck-shooting on July 29th last, and in returning home towards evening stopped to take some abounds in the house of a relative of his. While looking out of a window he saw a cart which had formerly belonged to him in the yard of M. Le Delion's premises, close by. This caused him to reflect for some time, and at half-past 7 he took up his gun and walked about until he met M. Le Delion, who usually visited a local factory in which he was interested about that hour. Facing the banker, Gantier asked him how his cart came to be where it was. By way of reply M. Le Delion simply shrugged his shoulders, whereupon the miller took aim at him with his fowling-piece, and fired. The banker fell dead, his skull being shattered by the discharge. Gantier then gave himself up to the gendarmes, stating that he was carried away by passion during his interview with his old partner, and that as he was armed he at once decided to use his gun. He did not regret the deed for his own sake, but for that of his children. Maitre Demange, of the Paris bar, has been retained for the defence of the prisoner, whose trial naturally attracts much attention in a district of France where such tragedies as that in which Gantier was an actor are comparatively rare.

## FORGED BANK NOTES.

At the Mansion House Police Court, Arthur Wells, 35, commission agent, was charged, with forging and uttering a £3 Bank of England note.—Mr. Chance, who prosecuted on behalf of the Bank of England, said on the 3rd of October the prisoner went to the shop of Mr. Bromwich, a florist, in Buckingham Palace-road, and stated that he wanted to purchase some ferns. The assistant showed him some ferns, and he selected a dozen, the price of which was 10s. 6d. The prisoner gave his name as Captain Thurston, of the Naval and Military Club, to which he wished the ferns to be sent. He was asked whether he would pay for them then or on delivery. The prisoner replied that he would pay for them if they could change him a £3 note. The prisoner produced a £3 note, which was changed, and the change handed to the prisoner, who then left. The note was afterwards sent to another tradesman, who on looking at it said it was one of the notes referred to in a police notice. A police notice had been circulated in respect of forged notes. It was found that there was no such person as Captain Thurston at the Naval and Military Club. Scotland Yard was then communicated with. This note was one of a series of notes from the same stone or plate, of which a number had been uttered; but, as they had been uttered at race meetings, it was difficult to trace them.—Mr. Alderman Green committed the prisoner for trial.

## A ROW AT A CLUB.

At the Thames Police Court, Charles Lazarus, 40, a refreshment-house keeper; Carl Cohen, 54, of 4, Sion-street, Whitechapel; Nathan Sampson, a traveller, of 104, Coborn-road, Bow; Michael Cohen, upholsterer, of 46, Arbour-square; and Harry Key, surrendered to their bail to answer a charge of keeping, using, and conducting No. 51, Mansell-street, Whitechapel, known as Clarendon Hall, as a common gaming-house, and £600 worth of cards, dice, and other valuable property belonging to the club.

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## THE NEW TRANSPARENT.

A great novelty. Really surprising effects by holding the card up to the light; and best, but not best, is a very hand-some made-up

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## THE THEATRES.

## ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte's beautiful theatre was re-opened on Tuesday last with an English version of "Le Basoche," a comic opera in three acts, written by M. Carré and composed by M. André Messager. The original dialogue has been well translated by Sir Augustus Harris, the lyrics have been written by Mr. Ondin, and the opera will henceforth be known here as "The Basoche." A better title, "The Two Kings," was chosen for a performance of the work at Hamburg last week, for the amusing situations chiefly arise from the fact that the King of France, "Philippe le Bel," authorised the association of law students known as the "Basoche" to elect one of their number annually to preside over them, and to bear during his year of office—the title of "King of the Basoche." In the plot of the opera the poet Clément Marot (Mr. B. Davies) is elected King of the Basoche, and is supposed to be the King of France by the shepherdess Colette (Miss Lucile Hill), and the English Princess Mary (Miss Esther Palliser), who is on her way to Paris escorted by the Duke de Longueville (Mr. Bispham), to marry King Louis XIII., and has conveniently resolved to stay all night at a suburban hotel, the Povetier Platier, kept by Guillot (Mr. Le Hay). It is one of the laws of the Basoche that no married man can hold the position of its king, and Clément has secretly married Colette. Being in debt, he wished to play the part of king for a year, for the sake of the amonements accruing; the arrival of Colette, from whom he has been absent for three weeks—places him in a difficulty. The English Princess Mary comes into her rank, and when Clément, dressed in royal robes, and wearing a royal crown, makes his appearance with a host of attendants, he confounds the King with a gaudy retinue, she commends him to the King of France, and has gallantly come to meet her. Without entering into copious details it would be impossible to describe the numerous and ingeniously developed scenes arising from the débâcle, invented by M. Carré, whose libretto would have been an attractive comedy had no music been attached to it. That it ends happily is a matter of course, and it is only simple justice to add that M. Messager's music is as meritorious as the libretto to which it is attached. The score of "The Basoche" is a masterly work. M. Messager has the gift of melodic invention, and has set delightfully the Colette's solo, "From place to place;" the Princess Mary's solo, "Ah! how delightful;" Clément's song, "I am beloved of a maid;" the couplets, "Listen now, Colette," sung by L'Eveillé (Mr. Kenningham); and the "Madrigal" for Colette and the princess in Act I.; and amongst the many charming pieces in Acts II. and III. may be cited Colette's pastoral song, "Once there was a shepherd maid," the princess's romance, "Never I might have known it well;" and Clément's couplets, "Headless of all your loyal love." The "ensemble" music for leading artists, and the numerous choruses, full of characteristic melody, and admirably harmonised, reflect great credit on the composer. His orchestration merits special praise. It is evident that he has studied the characteristics of orchestral instruments so thoughtfully that he is able to ensure effects seldom presented in ordinary comic operas. His orchestra has no chance of overpowering the singers, yet is energetic when necessary, and on many occasions his skilful use of violins, violoncellos, and the wind band commanded the admiration of musicians. The artists abovementioned, and also MM. Burdon (King Louis XIII.), Copland (Roland), Bovill (Chancellor), Shomeld (Equerry), and Uridge (Provost), exerted themselves loyally and well; Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Lucile Hill, and MM. B. Davies, Burdon, Kenningham, Bispham, and Le Hay being specially successful. The fourteenth century costumes designed by M. Bianchini and made by M. Alias, are interesting and effective; the scenery, painted by M. Perkins, Hemmey, and Telbin, is worthy of the beautiful theatre; and the success of "The Basoche" was complete. It was to no small extent due to the excellent conducting of Mr. Francois Cellier, who—with Mr. D'Oyly Carte and M. Messager—received enthusiastic applause when called before the curtain, with the leading artists, at the close of the opera. That "The Basoche" will have a long run may safely be predicted.

## COVENT GARDEN.

Gounod's "Faust" was on Tuesday last added to the repertory of the current operatic season at Covent Garden, and was performed with the original French libretto by French artists, who were quite at home in their respective roles. Mlle. Martin (Marguerite) was too nervous to do herself justice at the outset, and sang flat occasionally in the third act. Subsequently she recovered her self-possession, and sang in the church scene and the very exacting finale of the opera with well-merited success. Mlle. De Spagni was a charming Siebel, and other parts were ably represented by MM. Cosima (Faust), Lorrain (Mephistopheles), and Dufriche (Valentine).

## SHAFTESBURY.

Gluck's "Orfeo e Euridice" was on Tuesday last added to Senor Lago's repertory, and was well performed. To say that Mlle. Giulia Ravogli's splendid impersonation of Orfeo was equalled by that of Mlle. Fairlie would be unjustifiable, but it is due to Mlle. Fabbri to say that she sang well and acted with considerable command of expression, although unable to rival her predecessor in the display of apparently irreproachable pathos. Mlle. Elandi, as Euridice, won favour, and Mlle. Brani was a charming Amore. M. Bonomi's conducting merited liberal praise.

## AVENUE.

Rarely in the record of the modern stage have assembled players been brought to such an excited pitch of expectancy as the audience which, on Monday night, crowded the Embankment playhouse to witness the advent of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in his new dual rôle of dramatist-manager. That it was a gathering of well-wishers was proven by the patient respectful attention paid to the new play of "The Crusaders," through the best part of two of its three long acts, and the hearty plaudits heard as the play proceeded on the occasions—unfortunately few—which justified such over evidences of approval. For, sooth to say, the new piece after its opening act, which though long drawn out, ended with a charmingly sympathetic lover's parting, tumbled to pieces through sheer lack of dramatic fibre and coherence. The clearly defined personal characteristics of the group of eccentric individuals served by the further aid of the caustic satire to which they gave utterance, to keep the audience amused till the close of the first act, when the young enthusiast, self-expatriated for duty's sake in furtherance of the great cause of elevating the submerged human residuum chivalrously leaves the interesting young widow, to whom, at parting, he has declared his love without taking the kiss she would give him as the welcome boon to signalise his return to her. This gallant farewell, in which every production set at his theatre is not upon the stage,

story—or what the dramatist had provided to do for a story—before anything was done as contrasting with everything that was said. Not until the conclusion of the third and last act was sighted did the disappointment of all present, made manifest through a jeering, running commentary by the gallery upon the utterances of the actors, yield to a too brief revelation of interest. This change for the better was incited as suddenly as it ceased by a mental clash between the moral and immoral heroes of the play, when the honest enthusiast, in a white heat of passion with his rival for debauching the fair frail one beloved by them both, warned the young rose to stand by the woman he had wrecked before the world, and not to cover his crime by a lie, for if the wrecker deserted his victim he would kill him. Over three hours were spent in the development of these incidents, padded out with irrelevant talk, heartily pungent in its satire, when not hopelessly didactic in its sermonising. This double dose of original sins committed by the manager-dramatist became, as the night wore on, more and more unsatisfying, until the audience, from sheer impatience, grew restive at far in which, like that spread before Sancho Panza, was there very little meat and a great deal of table-cloth. And so it came about that the demonstrative section of the visitors signified their dissent in the usual way by hoots and gibes. The lady was played by Miss Olga Brandon with a quiet fervour worthy of all praise; but as regards the gentleman, as enacted by Mr. Waller, though invested with all the passionate earnestness which this young actor is known to possess, the part was made such a gloomy lugubrious Killjoy as must make people shun his presence instead of courting his society. Has Mr. Waller ever studied from the life an unashamed enthusiast of the kind he essays to portray? Such an enthusiast as defined by the play is very nature an optimist, whereas Mr. Waller depicts him as a pessimist—what schoolboys used to call a mulligrubbing dismal Jemmy. Why, the former as presented by Mr. Waller would scare the sufferers from him, instead of winning them to his ministrations! Miss Winifred Emery, on the other hand, instead of depressing the nature of the character played by her, that of the weak and shallow-hearted young widow idealised it too much for one even more frail than she is fair. With regard to this character, does Mr. Jones conceive it to be consistent with human nature to make her at the very moment she is yielding to temptation, calmly sneer at herself and the man to whom she is about to yield her honour? The widow as presented is positively without motive for her conduct. Mr. Arthur Cecil plays with natural distinction the part of a foreign secretary, whose Conservative principles Mr. Jones, at nothng by making him the foolish president of a society of Radical Socialists. Could such a contradiction be in real life? The sense of meanness and cant is expressed in the malignant virtue of the social spy as made up and acted by that inimitable artist, Mr. Weedon Grossmith. That sterling comedian, Mr. H. K. Bellamy, is cast for the part of the selfish abe pessimist, who, dying, left the audience forget, whether while in the garb of her own sex or when wearing the "doublet and trunk hose" of Ganymede, that she was a princess, for high-bred courtesy marked her bearing to Orlando no less at the dawn of love after the wrestling match, than in her witching but always maidenly wooing of him in the forest. The triumph of histrioic artistry was seen in the infinite variety displayed by the actress, alike in facial play, speech, and gesture, always graceful in its ever-changing lights and shades of expression and attitude. The very ease and freedom of the varied sportive moods through which, with love's sweet craft, she beguiled Orlando to win her real self by proxy of her boyish assumption, subtly expressed the innocence of (Faust), Lorrain (Mephistopheles), and Dufriche (Valentine).

## LYCEUM.

Among the many intellectual entertainments given by the Daly comedians the most exquisite was seen again, and for the first time during the present season, on Tuesday evening in the representation of "As You Like It," with Miss Ada Rehan as Rosalind. From the outset of the play this highest of living comedians (as Madame Bernhardt takes first rank in tragedy) never let the audience forget, whether while in the garb of her own sex or when wearing the "doublet and trunk hose" of Ganymede, that she was a princess, for high-bred courtesy marked her bearing to Orlando no less at the dawn of love after the wrestling match, than in her witching but always maidenly wooing of him in the forest. The triumph of histrioic artistry was seen in the infinite variety displayed by the actress, alike in facial play, speech, and gesture, always graceful in its ever-changing lights and shades of expression and attitude. The very ease and freedom of the varied sportive moods through which, with love's sweet craft, she beguiled Orlando to win her real self by proxy of her boyish assumption, subtly expressed the innocence of

(Faust), Lorrain (Mephistopheles), and Dufriche (Valentine). Another evidence of this managerial merit was given in the fresh and charming pictorial effects of "The Planter," the new farcical comedy which on Saturday supplanted "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Prince of Wales'. This latest novelty to London playgoers is an adaptation made by Mr. William Yardley from "Le Plantation," which for months past has been attracting all Paris to one of its merriest theatres. The action of the story, opening upon the orlop deck of a West India mail steamer, presents among its passengers to St. Domingo, eight young married men who, to shield himself from the anger of the husband, a fellow-passenger, to whom he has made various advances, assumes the name of Don Lopez, a highly Spanish planter on the island. This one mischievous presentation leads to many more, causing the fire-eating Don to treat the bride to whom he is engaged, but has never seen, on her arrival, in common with her Scotch father and secret lover, as servants, while he pays his court to his supine fiancée in the person of a young married lady with a widowed mother. The incidents arising from this confusion twice confounded, although loosely strung together, are ludicrously diverting in themselves, the most amusing being the presentation by the leading negro of the plantation, as "the fugleman" of his black brethren, of a watch to their master's bride. Offered to the wrong lady, on the error being discovered the watch is reclaimed, and is turned presented to another and a third under the like conditions of mistake. When the explanation comes the planter, tilted as regards his youthful lady love pains off with the buxom widow. This fugitive story necessarily loses most of its point in the telling depending as it does upon the effervescence imparted to it in the acting, which, like the gas of champagne, heightens the flavour of the draught by tickling the taste of the drinker, while leaving him quite at a loss to define his pleasure in words. Mr. Charles Grove, in his admirably broad comedy fashion, gave a vivacious impersonation of the gallant but irascible Spanish West Indian; and a character as highly comical as that of the planter was presented in the Glasgow father of that quartette of stage figures, Mr. Fred Kaye. Mr. Harry Parker acted a conventional Irishman, and Mr. T. G. Warren the eighty young husband with natural vivacity. The ladies of the play, whose several individualities were colourless—found personable representatives in Miss H. Forsyth, Miss N. Brande, and Madame Amadi, the last of whom may be advised to speak in tones somewhat lower and less strident. A special feature, and perhaps the most interesting, helping the illusion, was the introduction of actual plantation negroes, who enlivened the proceedings by their characteristic melodies. The scenery, as already indicated, was charming in its picturesqueness. The view of the mail steamer's deck, with its well-contracted occupants, constituting most of the dramatic persons, was charming in its admirability effect; and tropical picturesqueness was given both to the cotton plantation and the planter's house. "The Planter," though eliciting peals of laughter during its representation, was received with mingled sounds after the fall of the curtain, albeit the "ayes" undoubtedly formed the large ma-

jority. The place of the old, and numerous other improvements will be carried out. In regard to the entertainment, it must be said that the new programme presented on Monday last contains much that is of interest to musical-habitués, and the denizens of Camden Town in particular. Mr. Joe Haynes, a chairman of the good old-fashioned type, but with modern ideas as to how an entertainment should be conducted, opens the ball with a capital song, and regains his seat in time to announce Mr. Arthur Richards, a comic vocalist, with good songs, who is followed by the Sisters Marston, pianist duettists and graceful dancers. Miss Fannie Leslie and Mr. Charles Coborn will appear here on Monday. Next week Mr. L. Daly's company will appear in "The Bois of Fête" at Sadler's Wells. When the engagements booked for this theatre have been fulfilled Messrs. Holt and Wilmett will make an experiment with a variety entertainment of the kind permitted by the Lord Chamberlain, and should this fail the theatre will, in all probability be let to the Salvation Army.—"She Stoops to Conquer" will be played at the Parkhurst Theatre next week, with Mr. F. Neobe as Hardcastle.—"Flying from Justice" is to be played at the Pavilion for five nights longer. On Tuesday Miss Maud Elmore takes her annual benefit, and will appear as Parthena in "Ingomar." This is the first time Miss Elmore has essayed this character, and she will be supported by Mr. J. H. Clydes in the titular role—"Capital and Labour" is to be the attraction at the Marylebone next week.—"Human Nature" will be revived at the Britannia on Monday for twelve nights. A special matinee will be given at the South London Palace on Saturday, the 14th inst., at which Louis St. Cyr, the latest muscular prodigy, will make his first appearance in London.—"Trust to Luck" a new spectacular sketch, will be produced at the Star, Bermondsey, on Monday.

"Thérèse Raquin" has gone under, and

given place briefly to "East Lynne," at Royalty, where, however, Hague's Minstrels are reported to be due shortly.

Hum! in America the negroes became Independents. In England the "Independents" have become negroes. Art as well as nature is full of compensations.

Humphrey, the Yellow Dwarf, and the Fair One with the Golden Locks"—three single gentlemen (the last a lady) rolled into one, the triumphant pantomime concocted by Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Harry Nicholls for the Yuletide festival—but Mr. Nicholls contents himself with author only this time, for he will be missing from his own piece.

Mr. Hare's friends—the universal British playgoers—will be glad to hear that the good old man is at last well enough to be out and about again—it is said the

Vaudeville, vacated by "Prince and Pauper," will remain closed until Mr. Thorne's return home in December with Mr. Haddon Chambers's new play, in which Miss Dorothy Dore, the young American actress of such high promise, is to enact the heroine.—Mr. G. W. Cookburn, a very promising juvenile actor, has just been secured by the Messrs. Gatti for an engagement at the Adelphi Theatre.—There is much talk in music hall circles concerning the remarkable effect of Mr. Charles Morton's management of the Tivoli in the Strand. Whereas the company were wont to play to a belligerant array of empty benches, it is now a matter of impossibility to obtain a seat a short time after the doors are opened. The striking improvement is undoubtedly due in a large measure to the fact that the Tivoli has now under engagement one of the best music hall companies it would be possible to conceive.—At Moore and Burgess's popular minstrel entertainment at St. James's Hall, several novelties have recently been produced, and the afternoon and evening performances are, if anything, more appreciated than ever. Under the experienced management of Mr. Fred Burgess, the hall is crowded nightly with enthusiastic audiences.—The manager of Madame Tasdau's well-known exhibition has recently added considerably to the attractions of this deservedly popular place of resort, and throughout the day during recent weeks the establishment has been crowded to excess. Never was the exhibition so well deserving of a visit as it is at the present moment.

COURT.

The wallet which time gives to oblivion having received in "Pamela's Prodigy" its latest contribution, Mrs. John Wood's pleasant little playhouse, after the briefest interregnum, was re-opened on Thursday night with Mr. Ralph Lumley's rollicking farce of "Aunt Jane" revived after a rest of eighteen months, as a stopgap until a new entertainment can be prepared. The fast and furious fun of the piece again excited the audience to uproarious laughter, which rang out heartiest during the concluding act of the piece, in which occurs the highly ludicrous situation of the barrister, who has just become the accepted suitor of a middle-aged spinster, appearing in court before his fiancée as the counsel engaged by a fiery colonel against whom she brings an action for breach of promise. Mrs. John Wood, as the husband-hunting old maid, was as diverting as heretofore throughout the play, and most so at the trial under the adverse cross-examination of her own betrothed. The perplexities of the counsel, originally expressed by Mr. Arthur Cecil, were amusingly developed by Mr. George Goddard; and the judge, rendered so comic soon after the first production of the farce by Mr. Cope, found an equally funny exponent in that clever young histrioic humourist, Mr. Charles Koch. Mr. Righton got away with his broadly comic rendering to the country solicitor, whose various interruptions had previously made such legitimate merriment through the natural quaintness of Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Miss Ethel Matthews, looking wondrously like Miss Maude Milliet, was, ipso facto, a charmingly graceful presence as the lively ingenue of the farce. An effective rendering of secondary characters was given by Messrs. Reeves Smith, S. Hicks, and Miss Susie Vaughan. If a running accompaniment of crackling peals of laughter be any indication of renewed popularity, such vitality still remains in Mr. Lumley's farce for its second run.

SURREY.

On Monday, the Surrey patrons had an opportunity of witnessing the latest work of an author who at one time took an active part in the management of this theatre. Round the King, a drama redolent of circus life, has been well put on the stage by Mr. George Conquest, who has the satisfaction of knowing that his patrons are very well satisfied with Mr. Paul Meritt's play. Apart from its illustration of the ups and downs of circus life, there is related a fairly good story of love, crime, and deceit, which since the day is narrow-minded bore, and, if not illiterate, at any rate illiberal in its culture. Though, by the way, how culture can be illiterate may be left to our censor to explain. Plainly, Mr. Archer cannot forgive the press (or the public either, for that matter) for repudiating Ibsen and all his works. That's at the bottom of it all.—The Mohawk Minstrels present a special operatic programme at the Agricultural Hall on Saturday next, to commemorate the opening of their nineteenth year.—It is said that Mr. Herbert Campbell, the popular comedian, intends putting up for North Islington at the next election of the London County Council. Mr. Campbell is a practical man, and if elected would be able to devote a good deal of time to the council.—Mr. G. R. Sims' well-known drama "The Romany Rye" is to be revived at the Stratford Theatre next week.—On Tuesday last a party of music-hall agents, artists, and others left London for Sandgate, where they were joined by a similar circle from Dover, and together proceeded to the Alhambra there to support its popular proprietor, Mr. Tom Malby, on the first anniversary of his proprietorship. There was a special entertainment, contributed by some fifteen performers, and several local celebrities testified to the popularity of the hall as at present conducted.—We mentioned last week the improvement that was noticeable at the Tivoli, both as regards the entertainment and the patronage of the public, but we forgot to mention that on the 30th ult. Mr. Newson-Smith, on behalf of the directors of this theatre, presented Mr. H. J. Diddick with a handsome silver-mounted cigar case in recognition of his services in connection with the reorganisation of the new Tivoli.—On Wednesday the twenty-ninth anniversary of the opening of Collins's Music Hall, Islington Green, was celebrated, a most select entertainment being put before the large audience present. Mr. Herbert Sprake, in returning thanks for the success he enjoyed

on Tuesday, decided to invite Dr. Spence Watson as the next guest of the club. Mr. W. Harrison-Moore was elected to the committee in place of Mr. Wilberforce, re-

signed.

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# THE PEOPLE, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1891.

## ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA

Solo Proprietor and Manager, Mr. D'OLY CARTE.  
 MONDAY, November 1st ..... IVANHOE  
 TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, November 15th; BASOCHÉ  
 THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, November 16th; IVANHOE  
 SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, November 16th; BASOCHÉ  
 SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17th; BASOCHÉ  
 Box-office open 12.30 p.m. Box-office open from 2.30 p.m. till 3.0 p.m.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"To represent the admirable numbers in the score would be to give a complete catalogue. . . . The performance is singularly perfect throughout. . . . It is little wonder that an unqualified success has to be recorded."—*The Times*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"The music of 'La Basoche' is music which can be heard once and again without exhaustion of its technical interest, and without weariness of its effects. . . . The magnificently mounting of 'La Basoche' will be seen and admired by all London."—*DAILY TELEGRAPH*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

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**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"The score is undulating melodies from start to finish. . . . 'La Basoche' is from every point of view a brilliant success."—*THE STANDARD*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"The mounting of the new opera is worthy of Mr. Carte's handsome theatre, and the scenes in the Old Parisian Market Place, with its gabled houses, ancient signs, and repaying features, the galleryed interior of the inn, and the gorgeous spectacle of the Palace of Versailles presented a series of striking pictures."—*DAILY NEWS*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"Low chimes of congratulation to Mr. D'Olly Carte set the seal of success upon the English Version of Manager's 'La Basoche.' . . . The charm of the music, the spirit displayed in the acting, and the magnificence of the spectacle have all the interest of the audience in the production until the close. . . . The whole work is exceedingly pretty and telling, and the stage mounting is superb."—*BALLET CHRONICLE*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"The scenery, the costumes, the grouping, and stage business, and the manner in which the opera is interpreted are all of the most excellent type possible to put before the public. . . . The music, by Mr. André Manager, is admirable."—*MORNING POST*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"The reception accorded to the new opera was of the most enthusiastic nature. . . . The success was never in doubt."—*DAILY GRAPHIC*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"It has the two great factors which go to make up a successful opera—a strong story and extremely clever music. Nothing quite like 'La Basoche' has been seen in London before. . . . The mounting of the opera should draw the town."—*FALL MAIL GAZETTE*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"The success of 'La Basoche' was such that no repetition during many months to come may be safely predicted."—*THE GLOBE*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"La Basoche" possesses the supreme merit of style, and there is no theatre of reputation in Europe at which it would be out of place. . . . No work, serious or comic, was ever better sung or more thoroughly received than the one which Mr. D'Olly Carte produced yesterday evening with brilliant success. . . . The four principal parts are played in all possible perfection, lyrically as well as dramatically. . . . Nothing could exceed the success of the new work."—*ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ**.—"It is a charming opera, told in a period when costume and architecture were picturesque, telling an interesting and humorous story, and illustrating the action and play of feeling with music, expressive, melodious and fanciful. The opera was received with great enthusiasm by a brilliant and crowded house."—*EVENING NEWS AND POST*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**THE BASOCHÉ** was produced at the magnificent head-quarters of national opera, and at once achieved a success which, we doubt not, will prove as enduring as it most certainly was splendid and well deserved. The libretto is very beautiful, the most beautiful we can recall in connection with light opera. Its interest never flags. It is full of novelty, freshness, and charm, and extremely picturesque. The music is of the highest possible order of class. It combines the melody of grand opera with the sprightliness and "catchiness" of comic opera in a manner on which it is useless to dilate, because it must remain more or less inaudible to all until they hear it. It contains passages of exceptional beauty, and others which must infallibly become generally popular. . . . 'La Basoche' is probably the best (musically speaking) and the most refined in every sense light opera London has seen."—*THE ECHO*, 6th November.—**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA**.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE**, ROYAL.  
 Lessee and Manager, Mr. AUGUSTUS MARSH.  
 EVERY EVENING, as an Original Drama, entitled  
 "SAILOR'S KNOT." By CHARLES STENNETT.  
 Mr. CHARLES SHANNON. Mr. JULIAN CROSS.  
 Miss FRED DORRILL. Mr. ROLAND POWELL.  
 Mr. A. PHILLIPS.  
 Mr. ALBERT HIGGINS.  
 Miss KATHIE JAMES. Miss ETHEL BLAND.

A "SAILOR'S KNOT."—"Is the best play Mr. Henry Fawcett has ever written. There will draw crowds to see it, and it is possible doubt whether."—*TELEGRAPH*.

The starting question is, will the drama will undoubtedly succeed? Drury Lane has had a place in the public favour for a long time to come."—*SPORTING LIFE*.

The management of Drury Lane Theatre has more often than not been successful, and it is to be hoped that the present will be equally so.

**THE PANTOMIME** at DRURY LANE.—Sir Augustus Marsh has much pleasure in announcing that the forthcoming Grand Concert and Spectacular Pantomime, *SUMPTUOUSLY ENTITLED "THE GLORIOUS ROSES AND THE ROSE WITH THE GOLDEN RODS"*, will be given by Harry Nichols and himself, and played by one of the most powerful companies ever brought together, will be produced on a scale and in a style which will be unequalled. The previous triumphs of Drury Lane—Box-offices now open.

**EVERY EVENING** at 2.30—**DRURY LANE THEATRE**.

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more than £200 to the chief of the Fire Brigade, our apportioned councillors decided to offer a salary of £700 to a superintendent of parks and open spaces. Could anything be more absurd than the similarity between the two salaries as compared with the work of the respective recipients? This, however, was not all that was done at last Tuesday's meeting. The report of the Bridges Committee was adopted, which recommended the acceptance of a tender for the construction of the Blackwall Tunnel at a cost of £271,000. And, meanwhile, the council can find no money to remove the block of buildings in Holwell-street in order to relieve the congestion of traffic in the Strand. So much for the penny wise and pound foolish policy of a body which, fortunately for the metropolis, has but a few more months in which to muddle away the public money.

## OMNIBUS INCONVENIENCES.

Probably a good many people will not be by any means sorry to hear of the Southwark magistrate's decision as to the right of an omnibus inspector to stand upon the step of the vehicle while examining tickets. In the case in question the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, a clergyman, summoned a conductor for allowing an inspector to ride upon the step of the bus, and the energetic divine got his case and the conductor a fine. The magistrate held that the inspector was a "person" within the meaning of the Act, though the probability is that a superior court will make an exception in favour of a servant of the company engaged in his regular duty. However that may be, the periodical tramp of the inspector over the feet of the inside passengers is one of the most inconvenient of the inconveniences with which omnibus passengers have to put up, and for which they have to thank the introduction of the ticket system. We admit that it is inevitable that the inside of a bus should be to some extent uncomfortable; one cannot, after all, expect the perfection of comfort at the price. But we do insist that the ticket system is even more annoying to the public than it has been proved to be unprofitable to the shareholders. And, unquestionably, the nuisance of these periodical visits of inspection are felt by the public to be considerable. In view of all that has happened since the ticket system was introduced by the General Omnibus Company, it would be better for that body, if only in its own interests, to try and consider the comfort of the public a little. For the company has gained nothing hitherto by systematically ignoring the convenience of its customers.

## THE POST OFFICE JUBILEE AND THE POSTMASTERS.

That the postmasters throughout the United Kingdom were invited by telegraph on the night of the Post Office Jubilee at South Kensington to join simultaneously in giving "three cheers for the Queen" is already known. What, however, is not so well known is that these persons returned official reports of the way in which they had fulfilled the royal summons. Some of these documents have an amusing quaintness about them, as will be seen from the following samples. One, in the true official style, says:—"In compliance with the express wish of the executive committee in connection with the Post Office jubilee conversations at South Kensington, the sub-postmaster and his wife, in conjunction with the curate of the parish, the resident policemen in the village, and the rector's churchwarden, gave at the hour named, 10 p.m. yesterday, Wednesday, July 2d, 1890, three hearty cheers for her most gracious Majesty the Queen." There is a less severe tone about the next one:—"As soon as the office clock indicated the hour (10 p.m.), three ringing cheers were given for the Queen, after which the national anthem was sung in fine style by the staff, the crowd joining in with vigour. Squibs and crackers were let off amongst the crowd by several members of the staff, and Mr. Jones superintended the firing off of a number of sky-rockets." Two small Irish country post offices furnish the next specimens. One says:—"I beg leave to inform you that I successfully performed the pleasing duty of cheering her most gracious Majesty the Queen, at 10 p.m. this Jubilee night, though entirely unaided, as my wife was unable to remain up later than 8.30 p.m." The other is a trifle less laconic:—"Myself and sister," says the writer, "being in charge of this post office in the far west of Ireland—she as assistant, myself as sub-postmistress, felt very great pleasure in assembling the office at 10 p.m., and, with our old postman, in uniting in giving three cheers in right hearty old style for our beloved Queen and in wishing health, long life, and prosperity to her Majesty."

## INDECENT PRINTS.

At the London Sessions, George Lennox, 44, described as being a journalist, was indicted for having sold certain indecent prints, sinnotype blocks, and manuscripts. Mr. Bealey and Mr. Passmore prosecuted; Mr. A. Hutton appeared for the defence.—On October 6th Inst., Tunbridge went to 6, Blandford-street, at which place the prisoner's wife had for sale certain articles of female attire, and there saw the accused, who offered to sell him certain sinnotype blocks for £20. He said he would take time to consider, but purchased some prints, &c., for 25. Prisoner also let him have a book of an immoral character. A search warrant was issued, and a quantity of books, prints, and other articles of an improper nature, were discovered.—Lennox was convicted.—Inst., Tunbridge stated that the prisoner was a native of Belgium, but had only arrived in this country from South America a few weeks before his arrest.—Sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

## THE SPEAKER ON BOXING.

The Speaker at the opening of a public gymnasium at Leamington, said he had no wish to return to the base, bloody, and brutal pastimes of the prize ring, but he hoped the day was far distant when the English people would have forgotten the noble art of self-defence. So long as boxing with gloves did not degenerate into a mere hot-blooded tussle between two men who had lost their tempers, but remained within the limits of skilful play and every now and then hard hits well delivered and good humouredly taken, let them praise the practice of self-defence. There was no better outlet for the energies or relaxation of mental strain, than to indulge in moderation in athletic sports. It was a mistake for people to think they could equal experts. They should take the advice of experts, and see they did not overtax the physical energies and overstress the limit of dividing safety from danger. As a result of the gymnasium he hoped would disappear the class of loafing, lazy young men, who looked as if they could not command the faculties of the body and mind.

## THE HANSDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley's Evidence. Mr. Horatio Bottomley was examined in the London Bankruptcy Court on Monday, in connection with the failure of the Hansard Union. He said his profits had not amounted to £20,000, but he admitted cheques which had been paid to Mr. Phillips and Mr. Julian as nominal vendors had been received and cashed by him. He repeated that the Hansard Union had been wrecked by the action of the National

Assets and Debenture Corporation. He was requested to deliver up two letters, but refused to do so. Mr. Bottomley further stated that he had lost Mr. Joseph Isaac £2,000, one of which he understood was for Mr. Graham, of "Globe's" Messenger, and the other, was represented to him, was required as an inducement for allowing Sir Henry Aaron Isaac's name to appear on the directorate.—On the case being resumed on Tuesday counsel for the Debenture Corporation alluded to the affairs of the Hansard Publishing Union. Incidentally, he complained of the loose manner in which the examination was being conducted, and expressed a hope that "more legal strictness would be observed when the stage of criminal proceedings was reached." Mr. Bottomley threw upon the Debenture Corporation the blame of the extension scheme not being carried out, remarking that the corporation required and received an investigation fee of 5,000 guineas before undertaking to underwrite the £20,000 worth of debentures. He added that Mr. Thomas Sutherland, "who sometimes promoted companies and sometimes strikes," was also to receive £5,000, and £15,000 was given to a firm for refraining from bringing out a rival concern.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

The Prince of Wales on Thursday attended at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to receive a present, and on behalf of the governors, the portrait of Sir Sydney Hadley Waterlow, treasurer, which has been painted by Professor Harteker, R.A., at the desire of a large number of subscribers. The portrait, which was exhibited in the Academy this year, is a full-length life-size, and hangs for a year around one end of the Great Hall, in which the ceremony took place. There was a large assembly of medical men, students, and others connected with or interested in the institution. Among those present were, the Lord and Lady Mayoress, Mr. Dixon-Hartekin, M.P., Alderman Hitchens, Sir J. Lawrence, &c. Sir J. Paget, having stated that he was requested to ask the Prince of Wales to direct the portrait to be placed in the hall, the royal highness, in the course of an address, said:—"I accept with the greatest pleasure, in consequence of the article, he was now engaged with Signor Lago at the small sum of £12 per week.—In cross-examination, plaintiff said he first appeared as a singer in 1882, and he sang first in London in the year 1882-83. His attention was not called to the criticisms of his performance in the "Morning Post," in which it was said, "Signor Ciampi, curiously enough, entirely misconceived the part of Massetto for which he was cast, or in the issue of June 29th, which said the performance of M. de Rossini was "in curious contrast to the conventional buffo of Signor Ciampi." His cast was that of Ippolito, but he took that of Massetto, to oblige the management.—Madame Rose Hersee said she had known the plaintiff for the last sixteen years, and considered him to be a very fine artist, and that his singing now was equal to what it was sixteen years ago.—Cross-examined: Witness said that during the whole time the plaintiff had appeared in Italian buffo parts.—This closed the plaintiff's case, as his learned witness had not attended.—Mr. Mathews, on behalf of the defendant, submitted that there was no libel, as it was an honest expression of opinion by an intelligent critic, without any malicious intention.—Mr. Joseph Bennett, a musical critic, was called, and stated that he wrote the criticism complained of after witnessing the performance. At the time he wrote it he was not aware that the plaintiff had complained of the plaintiff, but he considered his voice had been very good one; but he did not wish it to go out that he approved of the singing of Signor Ciampi, and he conveyed that fact in the mildest way he could. "Italian buffo was equivalent to 'low comedian' on the English stage. He had no desire to injure plaintiff, but he considered his voice had been very good one; but he did not wish it to go out that he approved of the singing of Signor Ciampi, and he conveyed that fact in the mildest way he could." Plaintiff, however, was not aware that he could make whatever he liked of it; and, turning to the policeman, he said he was after horsewhipping the person before him. Mr. Healy said the narrator, "then went away." Mr. McDermott is a son of Mrs. Farnell's brother-in-law, Mr. Alfred McDermott, solicitor, of Fitzwilliam-square.

## ACTION FOR LIBEL.

On Tuesday, before Mr. Justice Wills and a special jury at Guildhall, the case of Champi v. Johnstone was heard. It was an action brought by Signor Giuseppe Ciampi, professional opera singer, against Mr. Archibald Johnstone, the publisher of the "Daily Telegraph," for damages for a libel published in that paper on the 8th May last. Mr. Kemp, Q.C., and Mr. George White appeared for the plaintiff; Sir Charles Mathews, Q.C., Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Montague Luis appeared for the defendants.—Mr. George White, in opening the case, said that on the 7th May last Signor Ciampi was engaged to sing the part of Massetto in the opera of "Don Giovanni," at Covent Garden Theatre. On the following day there appeared in the defendant's paper an article in which the following criticism occurred:—"Though Signor Ciampi, whose Massetto belongs to the ancient history of Covent Garden Theatre as well as at the present time, cannot now be considered a singer, he deals with Zerlina's slouch lover according to the accepted humour of a true Italian buffo." The services of Signor Ciampi were very much valued, and in the course of his previous career he made a sum of £40,000, and had fulfilled engagements in Genoa, Naples, Paris, and St. Petersburg, as well as London. In November, 1890, the same paper published what purported to be a report of some Chancery proceedings, in which it was said that the plaintiff, after engaging exclusively with Colonel Mapleton, had made another engagement with Signor Lago. That was a gross libel, but that was settled by the defendant paying Signor Ciampi the sum of £200 and his costs. When this was followed, in May last, by another attack upon the plaintiff, he considered the conductors of the paper had gone out of their way in the course taken, and had not confined themselves to a true expression of opinion, though plaintiff could not say it was from the same hand as the previous attack. A statement of the character complained of was most damaging to a man in the position of the plaintiff, and the effect of it had been that an engagement with an American company for thirty weeks at £200 a week had been cancelled, and for four months the plaintiff was without an engagement.—Signor Ciampi, the plaintiff, gave evidence in support of the above statement, and added that, in consequence of the article, he was now engaged with Signor Lago at the small sum of £12 per week.—In cross-examination, plaintiff said he first appeared as a singer in 1882, and he sang first in London in the year 1882-83. His attention was not called to the criticisms of his performance in the "Morning Post," in which it was said, "Signor Ciampi, curiously enough, entirely misconceived the part of Massetto for which he was cast, or in the issue of June 29th, which said the performance of M. de Rossini was "in curious contrast to the conventional buffo of Signor Ciampi." His cast was that of Ippolito, but he took that of Massetto, to oblige the management.—Madame Rose Hersee said she had known the plaintiff for the last sixteen years, and considered him to be a very fine artist, and that his singing now was equal to what it was sixteen years ago.—Cross-examined: Witness said that during the whole time the plaintiff had appeared in Italian buffo parts.—This closed the plaintiff's case, as his learned witness had not attended.—Mr. Mathews, on behalf of the defendant, submitted that there was no libel, as it was an honest expression of opinion by an intelligent critic, without any malicious intention.—Mr. Joseph Bennett, a musical critic, was called, and stated that he wrote the criticism complained of after witnessing the performance. At the time he wrote it he was not aware that the plaintiff had complained of the plaintiff, but he considered his voice had been very good one; but he did not wish it to go out that he approved of the singing of Signor Ciampi, and he conveyed that fact in the mildest way he could." Plaintiff, however, was not aware that he could make whatever he liked of it; and, turning to the policeman, he said he was after horsewhipping the person before him. Mr. Healy said the narrator, "then went away." Mr. McDermott is a son of Mrs. Farnell's brother-in-law, Mr. Alfred McDermott, solicitor, of Fitzwilliam-square.

Mr. McDermott's ACCOUNT.

The following is Mr. McDermott's account of the occurrence—"I lunched in the coffee room and waited there about twenty minutes, hoping Mr. Healy would turn up. About half-past 1 o'clock, or between that time and 2 o'clock, as he had not come down, I went up to Bramley, the porter in the library, and asked for Mr. Healy. He called the name and told him Mr. McDermott wanted to see him in the coffee room. I then went down to the door Healy was coming after me. I turned and met him at the entrance of the building, and asked him for an interview. He walked on with me and I introduced myself to him and told him I would give him the option of apologising for what he had said about my aunt, and undertaking never to mention her name again or I would thrash him as long as I could. Then he made a remark that he would not be intimidated by dynamite or threats, and I said, 'If you do not I shall thrash you as long as I can stand over you.' I then seized him by the collar and proceeded to thrash him as long as I could. Unfortunately my whip was too light for that sort of work, but I must have given him fifty blows before my arm got tired. He struggled and tried to strike me, but his blows fell about half an inch short of my face, and he could not get within reach of me. When I stopped thrashing him he caught the whip, and also caught my coat, but I shook him off, and he went out. I think I left him off, very easy, as I might have used my fists on him."

## EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT A THEATRE.

The Press Association states:—"On Monday Mr. J. L. Toole made his first appearance in the Coatsbridge Theatre in "Paul Pry," which was preceded by a comedietta, "Awaiting Consent." Before the last-named piece had proceeded far there were indications of the presence of a "rowdy" element in the gallery. When Mr. Toole appeared in "Paul Pry," his hisses and hootings were freely indulged in, and towards the end the audience in other parts of the theatre could not hear the actors. Just as the curtain was about to drop, Mr. Toole came before the footlights, apparently much agitated, and in a few words, which were just audible above the uproar, said that for many years he had appeared before audiences in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but he had never met with such rough ill-treatment. If the few ruffians interrupting the audience could not be expelled he was surprised that the rest of the audience were not manly enough to refuse to sit beside them. If they would not protect themselves he did not know who would. He added that he would play in the next piece, "The Birthplace of Podgers," but he feared it would be the last time he would appear at Coatsbridge. When the curtain again rose the rowdy element seemed to have been conciliated, and Mr. Toole was warmly cheered on reappearing by the bulk of the audience. In the course of the play, however, hissing and hooting again interrupted the performance, and some one threw a missile on the stage, which narrowly missed the popular comedian. Mr. Toole again came forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, will you please send a policeman up to take the man in charge who threw this on the stage?" There was no response, and Mr. Toole added, "I will give 25 to the man who will point out the man who threw this." Mr. Toole and his company struggled through the rest of the piece, the fall of the curtain being unduly accelerated by the disorder. It is understood that the rowdy section of the audience resented the transfer, were also refused, in cases where the applicants were wives of men already holding licences. This caused much amusement, as it is a new departure, many licences being held in this way."

Madame Patti has won a lawsuit against M. Zet, the Russian impresario, who forced her to pay a large sum when in Berlin as compensation for her alleged breach of contract in not going to sing at St. Petersburg and Moscow last winter. The German courts at first decided that M. Zet was entitled to damages, but this decision was appealed against, and it has just been reversed. One enthusiast actually forwarded an informal transfer of freehold papers to Madame Patti.

Churchmen will hear with pleasure that the British East Africa Company has despatched a message to Captain Lugard, at Uganda, cancelling the order for withdrawal. The missionaries in Mwanga's country are, therefore, safe for another twelve months, provided the remainder of the necessary £20,000 be promptly secured. One lady of title has given the Church Missionary Society £5,000 towards this object, and gifts of jewellery, gold watches, dividend warrants, and so forth have been received. One enthusiast actually forwarded an informal transfer of freehold papers to Madame Patti.

## CHARGE OF ARSON.

Rose Barnard was charged at the Thames Police Court with setting fire to the dwelling-house, 7, Ann-street, Bayswater, several persons being therein at the time. Sergeant Owen said at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst. he was on duty at Chalcots Police Station, when the prisoner entered and said, "I want to charge myself with setting fire to 7, Ann-street on Saturday." Seeing she was extremely excited, witness asked her to be seated. She then made a statement, which it took down in writing, and it was to the following effect:—"I had occasion to reproach my daughter, Jane Barnard, by slapping her face, when Rose Barnard punched me in the face and head and fetched her father. He said it served me right, and pushed me on a chair. At 11.30, when they were all in bed, I entered the washhouse, got a half gallon of paraffin, in a stone bottle, took it up to the first floor room, and poured the paraffin on some clothing. I entered the kitchen and back parlour, saturated some paper with paraffin, and put it on the mantelpiece. I then went upstairs and set light to the cloth. I took up Sophie Barnard, who was in bed, put a coat round her, and brought her downstairs. I sat on the sofa in the dark for half an hour, and then went out."—The prisoner's daughter said she extinguished the fire, only the cupboard door was burned.—Constable No. 383 said he went to the prisoner's house by direction of the sergeant, and two handkerchiefs and a paper saturated with paraffin were handed to him. He saw ashes under the grate evidently saturated with paraffin.

## CORPORAL AND WIFE.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN COURT.

At the Worship-street Police Court, Charles Davis of Hart-lane, Bethnal Green, appeared to a summons to show cause why he should not pay towards the support of his wife, whom he was alleged to have deserted, the proceeding being brought under the Matrimonial Causes (Wife Desertion) Act. Mr. G. V. Young, of Stoke Newington, defended; the wife being represented by Mr. Morris (Abbott and Co.). The complainant is a gentle-looking young woman of 23 years, and was said to have been married only eighteen months. On the 29th ult. she charged her husband with having assaulted her by slapping her from behind with her child and turning her out of doors almost unclothed. The answer to that charge was that the woman had been guilty of adultery, and Mr. Young said he now rested his defence on that point. The man concerned was said to be a corporal of the Medical Staff Corps, and a lesson was put into his hands, addressed to the corporal at Aldershot, bearing the signature "Mrs. Davis." The wife denied that it was her handwriting, but being directed to sit at the usher's table and write, Mr. Bushby came to the conclusion that the letter was written by her. She continued to deny it, and said that it was "A PLOT TO GET RID OF HER."

## A PLOT TO GET RID OF HER.

Her explanation of the plot and the appearance of the corporal in the matter was that her husband had requested her to receive as a guest for a day or two a young woman, who was said to be "step-sister" to the corporal, and who was visited by that man. Instead, however, of being a visitor for a day or two, the young woman announced that she was to stay altogether. The wife said that she objected, and had "words" with the woman and got her out of the house. Up to that time the corporal had visited the place three times, and the officer of the court went up to him and said Mr. McDermott wanted to see him in the coffee-room. "What Mr. McDermott?" said Mr. Healy. "I don't know," replied the messenger. "But I think he is a solicitor." Mr. Healy then left the library and proceeded to the coffee-room. The passage leading to the coffee-room is rather a dark one, where, as he passed along it, Mr. Healy saw the figure of a young man about 20 years of age, tall and pale. Mr. Healy suddenly found himself seized by the neck. The story was told to a representative of United Ireland by an eye-witness of the scene. "He was standing there," said the narrator, pointing to one side of the passage. "He was standing there, with a whip in his hand, when Mr. Healy came up." "What sort of a whip—a riding-whip or a cutlass?" "A kind of cutlass," was the reply. He continued:—"He was coming up, and the young fellow appeared to be waiting for him, and as he got to me he made a sudden jump at him, got Mr. Healy by the neck, and started to beat him with the whip. He beat him round and round the passage, and Mr. Healy jumped about. He beat him from head to foot, and he must be black and blue all over." Did Healy say anything while he was being beaten?" "Not a word; he only jumped about." "Did the young fellow say anything?" "Nothing." "Then there was no noise while all this was going on?" "No, nothing but the noise of the whip beating on Healy's body." Only four or five people at first witnessed this, but before it was finished a lot of barristers, who were in the coffee room, came down and saw the end of the whipping. I couldn't say exactly how long it lasted, but I would say that Healy got between fifty and a hundred lashes and it would have lasted longer, I am inclined to think, if it hadn't been for the policeman coming in." "What did he do?" "He was going to arrest the young man, but when he gave his name the policeman didn't do anything." McDermott said his name was Mr. Alfred McDermott, of Merrion-square. Then he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out a card, threw it at Mr. Healy, saying that was his name and that he could make whatever he liked of it; and, turning to the policeman, he said he was after horsewhipping the person before him. Mr. Healy said the narrator, "then went away." Mr. McDermott is a son of Mrs. Farnell's brother-in-law, Mr. Alfred McDermott, solicitor, of Fitzwilliam-square.

## GREETED WITH HISSES.

by some of the public. He said his name was Arthur Coulson, of the Medical Staff Corps, and had been stationed at Aldershot two years. He made the acquaintance of defendant and his wife by going to the house to visit the young woman known as his step-sister. On one occasion there were improprieties between him and Mrs. Davis. The letter signed "Mrs. Davis," and addressing him as "Dear Arthur, he received from her. A month later he arranged to pay her a visit, but arriving a day early was confronted by the husband.—The coroner complimented the widow on her tact and would leave and go with him. Asked as to whether he was in the habit of taking advantage of married women, the corporal said it had nothing to do with the case. The question was repeated, and he refused to say.—The witness was biased more than once during his examination by people in court until the magistrate said he would have the place cleared, and who ordered to stand down he eventually escaped from the court.—Mr. Bushby said the evidence on the charge of wife's adultery was twofold—the letter, which he came to the conclusion was in her handwriting, and the story of the corporal. With regard to the latter, whatever disgrace might attach to paramours, and however low they might sink, there was one depth of ignominy which even they usually avoided, and that was the coming before a court and swearing in public that they had been the recipient of the wife's favours. Most men would shrink from that lowest depth of degradation but when a man had shown himself such a scoundrel—"Hear, hear" from the public!—as the corporal who had been in the witness box, his evidence required to be examined and that was the coming before a court and swearing in public that they had been the recipient of the wife's favours. Most men would shrink from that lowest depth of degradation but when a man had shown himself such a scoundrel—"Hear, hear" from the public!

## UNHAPPY AT HOME.

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## FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT AT PORTLAND.

On Monday evening, about half-past 8, a party of eight liberty men belonging to her Majesty's ship Howe engaged a boat to take them to their ship, and two water

## LAST WEEK'S POLICE.

## Bow-street.

**ALLEGED FRAUD BY A MONEY LENDER.**—Joseph T. Nicholls, 57, was brought up on a warrant charged with fraud.—Mr. Ormeaw, who prosecuted, stated that the charge was one of obtaining £100 from Phillip Dallow in March last. The information of Dallow was to the effect that he was a farmer at Stanford-le-Hope, Essex, and that in February last he desired a loan of £100. He saw the advertisement of J. T. Nicholls, Savoy House, Strand, and wrote to him on the subject. He filled in various forms, and paid sums of £10, £2, £4 6s. as preliminary fees in respect to the negotiation. In March last he had an interview with Nicholls, when the latter said he was prepared to make the advance of £100 provided Dallow paid him £15 in advance in respect of interest. Dallow handed him £5 and sent on £10 the same night by post, Nicholls having said that on receipt of this he would forward the £100. He (Dallow) received further letters, and called several times, the last time on April 4th. He then heard Nicholls' voice, and received a message by his clerk that he would see him if he called in again at 3 o'clock, which he did, and found the office closed. Altogether he paid Nicholls £22 1s. In May a receiving order in bankruptcy was made against Nicholls, and prior to the negotiation referred to there was a judgment summons against him, which he failed to satisfy. This was evidence that he was not in a position to advance money.—Det.-Supt. Gethin despatched to arresting the prisoner in Clement's Inn-practice, on a warrant granted on 8th October. He said he would answer the charges, and had offered to pay back the money. It was elicited that the prisoner, when arrested, had just attended the public examination in bankruptcy. Papers were found in his possession relating to the present charge, and it was stated that several complaints had been previously made at the court respecting him and his way of conducting business.—The case was adjourned.

## West London.

**BURGLARIES IN KENSINGTON.**—Alfred Burrows, who was described as a ship's steward, was brought up for re-examination as a charge of committing a burglary at the house of Mr. Lucas Michel,蓬斯頓羅德, Earl's Court. There were two other charges of burglary preferred against the prisoner.—Mr. Henry Boyd Wallis, a gentleman residing in Westbury Gardens, identified the clothes the prisoner was wearing as the property of his son, the house having been entered on the night of the 12th of September, when property of the value of £400 was stolen.—Lancaster-coloured George Archibald Beach, who also resided in Westbury Gardens, said his house was entered on the 29th of September through the drawing-room window, and a watch was missed from a table in his wife's dressing-room. He complained Det.-Supt. Brown for the skill he had displayed in tracing out the cases.—Mr. Curtis Bennett concurred, and marked the sheet to that effect. He said the police were deserving of great credit, the prisoner appearing to have committed burglaries night after night.—The prisoner, who did not offer any defense, was fully committed for trial.—Two young men named William Orbell and William Williams were re-examined on a charge of being suspected persons loitering in Warwick Gardens, Holland-road and Scarcdale Villas early in the morning of the 24th of October, supposed for the purpose of committing a burglary.—P.C. Yeo, who arrested the prisoners in the Kensington-road, found upon Williams, who was wearing a pair of India-rubber shoes over his boots, a large chisel concealed between his coat and vest at the back, and a skeleton key in his pocket. The prisoner Orbell was provided with two chisels. The prisoners, against whom there were former convictions, were committed for trial.

## Marylebone.

**CABINETS WHO ASSAULT THE PUBLIC.**—William Ward, a cab driver, of 1, Brookland-road, Wandsworth, was summoned before Mr. Theodore Allingham, a solicitor, of Throgmorton-avenue and Willesden.—The prosecutor, who conducted his own case, said he arrived at Waterloo Railway Station on Sunday night, the 11th October, and hailed the defendant and told him to drive to the Kilburn Railway Station. On arriving at the latter place he paid the defendant half-a-crown as his fare. The defendant said, "This won't do for me, governor, I want more than that," and getting down from his cab stood in front of witness and putting himself in a threatening attitude he demanded witness's card. His manner was most offensive. Complainant then gave him one of his professional cards with his City address on it. The defendant said, "This card won't do for me; it must be the card of a pickpocket." Complainant told him if he wanted satisfaction for any fancied grievance he would find him the next day at the address on the card. The defendant went close up to complainant and put his face near his and said, "You —, I should like to have five minutes with you. I would give you satisfaction." Turning to the crowd which had collected, he pointed to complainant, and said, "Isn't he a nice beauty? Half-a-crown from Vauxhall. What do you think of him?" The people then hooted complainant. When he asked the defendant for his name, he referred him to the back of the cab. As complainant walked away the defendant shouted after him all the way up the road, saying, "I'll give you satisfaction!" Meeting with a policeman, complainant went back with him, and got him to get the defendant's badge, number, name, and address. In order to prevent any mistake he told the policeman, in the presence of defendant, that the latter had said "I want more money and meat to have it." The defendant three times told him he was a liar. The next day complainant wrote a most forbearing letter to the defendant, telling him that if he wrote him an apology he would take no further notice of the matter, otherwise he should summon him. The defendant made no reply, hence the present case.—Mr. Cooke fined the defendant 20s. with costs or five days' imprisonment.

Joseph Reeves, a cabman, of Holme-road, Kentish Town, was summoned by George Michael, of 32, Cornhill-road, for refusing to drive him, also with making use of insulting language.—The complainant wanted to go to Euston Station on Sunday morning, October 18, and went to defendant's cab, which was on the rank at Islington-street. When the defendant saw him hailing him he at once drove away. Complainant walked about to find another cab, and seeing one in the distance he went towards it and found it was the defendant, who had returned to Islington. Complainant told him he wanted to go to Euston Railway Station on urgent business, and begged he would drive him there. The defendant absolutely refused, and when told he would be summoned for refusing, he used foul epithets in regard to the magistrate, also to the complainant, abusing and insulting him.—Mr. Cooke imposed a fine of 20s. with costs or seven days' imprisonment.

## Thames.

**BRUTAL ATTACK ON A CARRIAGE.**—Charles Denton, 23, was charged with assaulting Charles Wright, a potman, at the Royal Sovereign, Gill-street, Limehouse.—Prosecutor was partially helped through parades. On Saturday morning he was in the

Southwark-road on the way home. The prisoner and another man were lying on the pavement. The latter asked Wright to help him up, and he did so. The prisoner then jumped up and punched him on the nose, causing him to fall. While on the ground Denton kicked him on the head and in the side. In consequence of the blows he felt badly hurt.—A constable said he heard cries of distress, and on going to the spot saw the prisoner and prosecutor. The latter was bleeding and had a large bruise on his head.—Denton, in answer to the charge, said he did not intend to hit prosecutor. He made a blow at his mate and it caught prosecutor.—Under-sheriff King said the prisoner was well known.—Mr. Dickinson told him he had been guilty of most cowardly conduct, and sentenced him to a month's hard labour.

**ROBBERY IN MARKET CARTS.**—Thomas Collins, 19, and Alfred Taylor, 18, were charged with stealing two sacks of potatoes, value £2, the property of Philip Mighell, carrier, of Barking-side, Essex. They were further charged with stealing two sacks of potatoes, value £2, the property of Robert George Brown, farmer, of Goodway's Farm, Chadwell Heath. Harry Smith, a carter, in the employ of Mr. Mighell, said between 6 and 5 o'clock on Saturday morning he was in Mile End-road, going to market with a load of potatoes. He missed two sacks, and gave information to a constable. He afterwards saw his master's property in the hands of the police. He did not know anything of the prisoner.—P.C. H. H. said the last witness spoke to him, and in consequence he made a search with the result he found six sacks of potatoes under an arch near the Tochkin Grey bearhouse in the Mile End-road. He kept observation on the spot and saw prisoners and six other men come with a barrow and put the sacks of potatoes on it. The prisoners then went with the barrow to 55, Collingwood-street. Finding they were being followed they ran away, but were pursued and caught.—George Cox, a carman in the employ of Mr. Brown, said he had two sacks of potatoes stolen from his van on Saturday morning.—Mr. Dickinson remanded the prisoners.

## Worship-street.

**OVERZEAL OF AN ASTROLOGER.**—James Richard Wallace, an astrologer, and who was known by the name of "Professor Israel," living at 30, Selkirk-road, Tooting, was charged with committing a violent assault upon his wife, Annie Wallace.—The complainant said on Friday afternoon her husband returned home, in company with a friend, and wished her to prepare him some food. She was getting breakfast, having waited several hours for his return, and she told him to wait until she had finished. He became cross and threatened her with violence. Being afraid of him, she ran out of the room, and sought protection in her lady's apartment. He followed her in, and struck her about the head with his fist and so kicked her. He had struck her during the previous night. She also stated that the magistrate at Bow-street Police Court had granted her a judicial separation, and she renewed cohabitation after he was discharged from prison, he having been convicted for assaulting her. He made her lose her situation, and she had nowhere to go except to him.—Prisoner: Am I not kind and obliging to you?—The Wife: Yes, when you are sober.—Prisoner: You have a separation why do you persist in living with me? I have no desire to live with you.—The wife told the magistrate that he would not let her rest until he made her dependent upon him.—The prisoner said she was trying to raise a feeling of false sympathy. She had begged him to live with her and had molested him in every way.

The prisoner was sentenced to six months' hard labour.—The wife asked the magistrate to grant her a judicial separation.—Mr. Denman doubted whether he had power to grant the request, as a separation had already been granted.—The wife said she did not apply for it on the last occasion.—Mr. Denman asked the wife if her husband did not carry on some silly fraud and professed to tell people their fortunes, and she replied that he had been working for Zadkiel's Almanack.—The magistrate, after consideration, said he would accede to the wife's request.

## West Ham.

**A BANKER'S HALUCINATIONS.**—Ellen Matthews, 20, described as of no occupation, and living at 1, Boultash Cottages, Millville-road, Leytonstone, was charged with attempting to commit suicide on the Great Eastern Railway. At about 6.30 p.m. on Friday night a lad on the platform of Stratford Station drew the attention of a guard to the fact that the prisoner was on the four-foot way as the rest of his train. Another train was due, and the porters and ticket collectors were at once on the scene. Prisoner got into the following train, but was discovered, and at the next station ticket-collector King spoke to her. She was told, "I suppose you know what you did a few minutes back?" and she answered, "Yes, and why did not it kill me?" To this King said, "There is no doubt a God or Providence: you have been saved from carrying into execution your rot act." She then cried, and later on stated that she had jumped in front of the train, and that she had had a lot of trouble. At the West Ham Police Station, when Inspector Sheahan asked her the cause of what she did, she said she was in a frenzy at the time.—A brother-in-law of the prisoner stated that the clause had been spoilt by the printer of the rules inserting a comma after "will." The clause was intended to read, "that any dismissed servant of the company should cease to be a member unless he left his own free will before being twenty-four months in the service." He (the solicitor) had the draft of the rules in court to show that the comma was a printer's error.—Mr. Susby said he would look over the whole rules and consider them.—Adjourned for a week.

## Southwark.

**MENACEOUS ASSAULT WITH A PICKAXE.**—John Davis, 22, a powerful man, described as a navvy, was brought up on remand, charged with violently assaulting P.C. Ball, 204 L, by striking him on the back with a pickaxe.—The constable deposed that on Friday afternoon whilst in Waterloo-road, he was called to a fruiterer's shop, where he found the accused and a companion who were creating a disturbance. The shopkeeper complained that the prisoner had attempted to steal some tomatoes, and requested witness to remove him. Witness believed that "certain things" were flying around her, and had therefore been watched, but no force or restraint was exercised. The previous day she asked to go out for a breath of air, and in a moment was missed by the young man in charge of her.—Prisoner: You have been a printer's error.—Mr. Raff said he remanded the prisoner to the House of Detention.

## Croydon.

**ROBBING THE DRAB.**—Rose Francis, a well-dressed woman, described as a servant, of North End, Croydon, was charged with stealing during the month of September, from No. 1, Fernley-road, Selhurst, two gold rings, valued at £7, the property of the person charging.—Mr. Alfred Jones, of the above address, stated that in September last his brother-in-law, Mr. Whittard, was staying at the 3rd of October, he was returning home with his wife, and when near No. 34, Almack-road he heard the cries of a child; he followed them, and found they proceeded from the forecourt of the house. He knocked at the door, and informed the owner of the house, and together they searched and found the child under a shrub. It was wrapped in an old night-gown, and had an old fannel shawl round its head.—Charles Williams Heath stated that he was at a party at No. 34, Almack-road on the night in question, and opened the door to the late witness, who told him that there was a child crying. He procured a light and then found the child on the stairs. On going out to see what had occurred, she found the deceased lying dead on the floor.—P.C. Waterman, 23 J, deposed to taking the deceased to the workhouse. Every inquiry had been made by the police in the matter, but without success.—Dr. John Oliver deposed that the deceased was admitted to the Homerton Union Infirmary on the night of October 3rd. It was very wasted, and only weighed between 3lb. or 4lb., which was half the normal weight for a child of the deceased's age. It had a general neglected appearance, and devoured food ravenously. Its condition did not improve until Sunday when it was seized with convulsions and died. The exposure had not hastened the death.—The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

**THE DOMESTIC'S BABY.**—Mr. Barker held an inquiry concerning the death of Moritz Yance, aged 2 months, the illegitimate child of a domestic servant, of Spectacle Alley, Whitechapel.—The mother stated that she was a native of Austria, but came to England in search of employment as a cook, two years ago. On the 23rd of August she gave birth to the deceased in the workhouse infirmary.

At the end of the month she took her discharge and then placed the child under the care of Mrs. Nattalie, of 16 Plough-street Buildings, to whom she paid £5 a week, also supplying two tins of condensed milk a week. Witness went out as a cook, but on October 17th the child was brought to her apparently very ill. She kept it with her that night, but the next morning took it in to the Whitechapel infirmary.—Mrs. Mashah Nattalie deposed that she had given the child every attention. On its becoming ill she took it to a doctor, who prescribed for it. When it got much worse she took it to the mother. Witness said she came to England three months ago. She had three children, and being unable to get a living in Poland she thought she would come here. Her husband had been dead some time.—The Coroner: A very daring thing to do. I suppose she thought that England was a land paved with gold.—Nurse Jonas deposed that the child was admitted to the infirmary in a very emaciated

condition, and having all the symptoms of having been starved. It took food voraciously. It appeared to have been neglected, the body being very dirty. Every attention was given to the child, but death ensued on Thursday afternoon.—Mr. Harvey Marvin stated that the cause of death, in his opinion, was want of food, but whether from the food being withheld or from improper food being given he was unable to say.—The jury returned a verdict of natural death.

## West London.

**SMOKING CONSPIRACY OF CHILDREN.**—Mary Judd, a married woman, living at Branscombe-street, North Kensington, appeared to answer a summons charging her with neglecting three young children whereby their health had suffered.—John Sawyer Ford, an inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, deposed that on the afternoon of the 26th of September he went to 5, Branscombe-road and heard children crying in the front parlour. He entered the room and saw two little girls lying upon an old and dirty mattress in one corner. The children were perfectly naked, very dirty, and covered with sores. While he was examining the children he heard a little child crying. He searched the room and found a baby about 2 years old lying on the floor inside the cupboard. This child was also naked, and in a weak and emaciated condition. He placed him on the floor, but he did not appear to have power to stand up. The child was also in a very dirty condition.—Questioned as to the atmosphere of the room, the complainant said it was so bad that it made him feel ill and he had to go out again. The room was in a wretchedly dirty condition. He could not find any person in the house, food, or fire.—Mr. Robert Franklin, one of the medical officers of the shelter at Finsbury House, and Addison-road Station, gave a description of the state of the children, corresponding with the evidence of the inspector, and said their condition was injurious to health. The little boy had increased in weight since he had been in the shelter.—Charles Judd, the head-baker, was called. He said he was a cabinet-maker, earning £2. a week on an average. The youngest child was insured in the Prudential Society. When his wife was away from work she was a good mother. When on the drail she neglected her children and the home too. She was linked with companions who fetched her out. What she could not pledge she sold.—Mr. Curtis Bennett remanded the defendant, and he should commit her for trial. He refused to grant bail.—The defendant, on being removed, called out that she would go to prison with a good heart.

## INQUESTS.

**CAMPBELL AGAINST HIS WIFE.**—Mr. Barker held an inquest respecting the death of Rose Robinson, 22, the wife of a hatter, of Roman-road, Old Ford.—The husband deposed that the deceased had been suffering from enlargement of the liver and dropsy, and on Monday she was removed to the London Hospital. On Tuesday she asked witness to bring her a "feeder," and he sent one the same afternoon.—Matilda Griegson, the wife of an artist, deposed that on Tuesday she paid a visit to the deceased, and found her in great agony. She said that she had been vomiting ever since dinner time, when she was given a pill. She pointed to the bed opposite her, and asked witness to get her some ice from a bowl on the slab. Witness went over to the bed, and returned and told the deceased that there was no ice, it had all gone to water. Deceased said, "Never mind, fetch me a little of the water." Witness then put a little of the water in the feeder and gave it to the deceased, who put it to her lips, and then "made a face." Another visitor then said to witness: "You should not have given her that; it isn't water." A nurse came up and asked whether the deceased had drunk any of the water, and the deceased said that she had drunk a little. Nurse Thompson deposed that the deceased occupied bed No. 36 in Charlotte Ward. In No. 32 bed, which was opposite, was a child suffering from typhoid fever, and at the foot of the bed there was a utensil containing carbolic acid, so that anyone touching the patient could wash their hands in it in order to avoid spreading contagion. Witness did not think the deceased was ordered ice, but if she had been it would have been given to her by the nurse from the ice box in the lobby.—Mr. Collins, house physician, deposed that the deceased had drunk any of the water, and was dazed and could not answer any questions. He was put to bed and subsequently removed to the London Hospital, where he died.—Wm. Chapman, a drayman in the same employ, deposed that on Monday the deceased accompanied him to deliver some beer in Hutton Garden. They finished about 6 o'clock and were returning home down Clerkenwell-road when they were both thrown off the dray into the road. Witness was rendered unconscious, and knew nothing of the cause of the accident. He could not remember if the horse bolted, or if they collided with anything; in fact, his mind was a perfect blank.—By the Coroner: They were both sober at the time, and were sitting side by side at the front of the dray.—Mr. Charles Morris, of 33, Hutton Garden, deposed that he heard a rattle as of a horse running away, and on going out saw the deceased lying insensible in the roadway. The last witness was lying under the forepart of a tramcar which had stopped. There were two cabs lying in the roadway, and these had fallen from the dray.—Mr. John Howe, landlord of the King of Prussia, leather-lane, stated that the man had been delivering ale to his house, and were both sober when they left. Witness believed that they were assaulted for the purpose of robbery, their assailants being under the impression that the man were carrying money to the brewery.—They never had any trouble with the police, or any trouble with the horses.

**MYSTEROUS APPARITION IN HUTTON GARDEN.**—Mr. Barker held an inquiry respecting the death of Charles Cordy, 47, a labourer, late of Love-lane, Hatcliffe.—Jane Cordy, the widow, deposed that her husband had been employed at the London and Burton Brewery, Broad-street, Hatcliffe, and on Monday was brought home in a cab about 10 p.m. He seemed dazed and could not answer any questions. He was put to bed and subsequently removed to the London Hospital, where he died.—Wm. Chapman, a drayman in the same employ, deposed that on Monday the deceased accompanied him to deliver some beer in Hutton Garden. They finished about 6 o'clock and were returning home down Clerkenwell-road when they were both thrown off the dray into the road. Witness was rendered unconscious, and knew nothing of the cause of the accident. He could not remember if the horse bolted, or if they collided with anything; in fact, his mind was a perfect blank.—By the Coroner: They were both sober at the time, and were sitting side by side at the front of the dray.—Mr. Charles Morris, of 33, Hutton Garden, deposed that he heard a rattle as of a horse running away, and on going out saw the deceased lying insensible in the roadway. The last witness was lying under the forepart of a tramcar which had stopped. There were two cabs lying in the roadway, and these had fallen from the dray.—Mr. John Howe, landlord of the King of Prussia, leather-lane, stated that the man had been delivering ale to his house, and were both sober when they left. Witness believed that they were assaulted for the purpose of robbery, their assailants being under the impression that the man were carrying money to the brewery.—They never had any trouble with the police, or any trouble with the horses.

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**SOLIDIFICATION OF COAL DUST.**

With winter upon us, the minds of many householders will be bent by that old perplexity: "What is the best way of using coal dust?" That is the copious correspondence elicited by some recent remarks of "General Chatter," we are able to give the following methods of attaining the desired result. They are the outcome of personal experience, and therefore possess more value than if they were mere theoretical speculations.

The first is the reply given by Lead and Water, some years ago, to a gentleman who had unsuccessfully tried the experiment of combining the dust with clay.—

"M. A. C." either did not sufficiently incorporate the coal dust and clay, of which he made the balls, or else he put too little pure fire in the bottom of the grate under the balls when he attempted to burn them "into powder." These same fire-balls, so much used in South Wales, require to be remarkably well mixed. I have often seen farm servants, both men and women, execute a sort of war dance upon the mass of coal dust and clay. They wear wooden shoes called clogs for this purpose; the clogs being made of wood hollowed out of a single piece to admit the foot. They are particularly clumsy looking affairs, far more so than the French sabot. I remember being told as a child by my Welsh nurse that the bakers far away in London kneaded the dough with their feet just as David at the farm did the clayballs.

David, a little rough, red-haired lad who must, I think, have had natural overhauls of horn, always discarded his wooden dancing pumps when he began operations. He first mixed the clay and coal dust well with an old spade, and then trod it into a sort of soft pudding, allowed it to consolidate for a few hours, and made it into a pile of balls. These balls were allowed to remain in a corner of the yard, exposed to all weathers, and were used when required, being generally placed in a row on the top bar of an ordinary grate containing a fair fire. So made up, the fire would burn all night, from 8 in the evening to 6 in the morning, without any fresh fuel being added to it. Occasionally you would see a pile of white balls near a cottage door, the Welsh being partial to white lime. The clay used in brick-making is a particular kind of greyish-looking clay, called bull clay, found in Carmarthenshire, which makes admirable fire-balls. I think it is a kind of culm."

The next plan of campaign comes from a working man, its substitute cashes for clay, but thorough incorporation is as necessary in the one case as in the other. Any blacksmith would make the simple alliance that are required: "I was born in 1850 with the moon in front of me, and coals were very dear at Paddington, 1s. 8d. up to 2s. and over, but we could buy small coal at the wharves 1s. 6d. and never more than 6d. My mother would take a shovel of small coal and a little ashes, for want of coke dust, wet it not too much, then pat it with the shovel for want of something better. Dinner being over, and no more cooking that day, a good chunk of wood and a shovel of mixture gave sufficient heat for the remainder of the day. I was out walking one day with my brother, and found an iron ring which had been put on the top of some piles to prevent them from splitting. It struck me it would do to mould coal bricks, as I had seen them mould clay bricks in the fields. So I took it home, mixed some small coal and ashes, wetted them, put the mould on a flat stone, filled it with the mixture, and hammered it down hard. My father saw us one day with this mould, and being a wheelwright he took it to the smith's shop and had it bevelled at the top, something like a cake tin, only not so much. Then the smith made us a small rammer which, with a piece of thick iron two inches square, with a hole in it, with a piece of iron rod with a knob on top like a kitchen poker to prevent hitting the hand, and riveted at the bottom. We used to put the mixture into the mould and hammer it down pretty hard, and fill the mould within a quarter of an inch of top well hammered; then a piece of tin was put on top of the mould; finally, it was turned over and dropped on the ground, about an inch fall. The result was a good brick, which mother could always burn after the cooking was over."

A gentleman at Holloway writes:—"Some pitch ground to powder and some sawdust should be mixed with the coal dust in proper proportions—to be easily ascertained by experiment. Then warm the whole substance until the pitch becomes softened, and mould between boards to any convenient shape or size, and you have your briquette, when cooled ready for the fire, as sold in commerce at a high profit. When in Pembrokeshire a few years ago I was highly interested by the way the Welsh people manage their fires. Many of them buy the coal slack only, and mix it in their hands with soft mud collected from ditches or the sides of the Milford Haven, into elongated balls. The fire will be lighted and kept burning from one year's end to another, a half of fuel being placed on the fire as required. When the day's cooking, &c., is completed, a sprinkling of coal dust is put on top to stop the draught, and the fire keeps in all night. These fires are intensely hot, but very difficult to light in the first place."

A soldier sends the following, in which clay again figures as one of the constituents:—"If householders would get in two or three hundredweight of clay, they would be able to use up all the coal dust they may have. I have often seen it done, and on many occasions had to do it myself. Use as much clay as can be made to bind with the coal dust, by stamping on it with a pair of old boots, or else mixing it with a shovel like mixing mortar; then mould it with the hands in the shape of bricks, and let them lie in a dry place until they become firm when they can be used. The mixture will burn equally well as coal itself, and give out as much heat, if not more."

We regret that we cannot spare space for more extracts from this interesting and most useful correspondence.

**ATTACKING A CYCLIST.**

At the Wandsworth Police Court, William Adams, a builder and decorator, living in Lonsley-road, Lower Tooting, was summoned by Mr. Herbert Gray, residing at 150, Elmwood, Clapham, for assault. The complainant deposed that on October 24th last he was riding a bicycle in the Kingston-road, Wimbledon, and saw two men, one of them being the defendant, standing in the centre of the thoroughfare. He rang his bell, but the defendant remained, and after passing him Adams came behind and struck him in the back, nearly forcing him off the machine. He saved himself from falling by placing his foot on the ground. He got down to obtain the defendant's name and address, and was surrounded by a gang of men, who struck him in the chest and on the side of the head.—Witnesses were called to prove that the defendant took no part in the assault.—The complainant added that he had been molested before.—Mr. Denman was satisfied that a dangerous assault had been committed, and it was conduct, he said, which could not be tolerated. He fined the defendant 2s., and ordered him to pay 2s. costs.

**REPLIES FOR THE PLAINTIFF.**

On Monday, Mr. Terrell, in replying upon the whole case on behalf of the plaintiff, submitted to the jury that the counsel on the other side had dealt unfairly with the evidence which had been laid before the jury. They had pointed out that there were various discrepancies between the statement which Dr. Black had sent to the Local Government Board, the instructions that had been given before his counsel, and the evidence which he himself had given upon oath in the witness-box. It was said that, in consequence of these discrepancies, Dr. Black was not to be believed as to what he had stated in court. This was unfair to the plaintiff, because no allowance whatever was made for things which he (Mr. Terrell) himself might have done in the course of laying the plaintiff's case before the jury. He might possibly have omitted or added something that might be deemed as showing discrepancy, and, above all, they should consider this. He submitted to them that no man, however honest, careful, and scrupulous he might be, could, in giving accounts, at the distance of a good many months, of circumstances that had happened to himself, do so in identical terms, and without adding, omitting, or varying anything. The accounts would be sure to be not precisely identical, and this was all that had happened in this case. A great deal had been said to the plaintiff, that at one time existed between Dr. Black and Mrs. Forster, but the jury must bear in mind that they had to do with the particularities of village life in England, with a community in which it would not be considered as singular that the village doctor and the village grocer should drink, and smoke, and play chess together, though, of course, such a thing could not happen in London. The learned counsel added that there was one thing which he had seriously to complain of, and that was, that the representatives of the defendant had cast all sorts of imputations upon Mrs. Forster, in the expectation that he would not dare to call her as a witness, yet when he did call her, and she most positively denied that there was any truth at all in the aspersions that had been cast upon her character, the learned counsel on the other side did not dare to put a single question to her in cross-examination as to any one of the many imputations that had been made upon her. This, he submitted to the jury, was an unfair way of dealing with that lady, and, under all the circumstances of the case, he felt justified in asking the jury to give a verdict for the plaintiff, accompanied with substantial damages.

**SUMMING UP AND VERDICT.**

Mr. Justice Hawkins, in summing up, said the first thing which the jury would have to form an opinion upon was what was the true meaning of the libel—did it impugn adultery, or did it merely impugn general immorality, though stopping short of actual adultery? Having made up their minds upon this matter, they would then consider whether the libel, in the meaning which they had placed upon it, had been justified by the defendant. His lordship then went at length through the evidence which had been given, making such comments as he thought fit upon the various statements that had been made. He added that if the jury should think that the libel, in the sense which they placed upon it, had been justified, then they need not consider the question of damages at all; but if they should consider that the justification had not been substantially made out, then they must assess the amount of damages to which they thought the plaintiff was entitled, and in making that assessment they would bear in mind the admitted conduct of the plaintiff, and they would form their own opinion as to how far that conduct had brought upon him the comments that had been made.—The jury, without retiring, considered the matter for some minutes, and then gave a verdict for the defendant.—His lordship gave judgment for the defendant, with costs.

**AN ATTACK OF DELIRIUM TERRIBLES.**

That was certainly somewhat of an exaggeration. He wrote to the Local Government Board that he had given them a full and truthful account of all that happened. He did not mention what had happened at the hotel, but he gave a full account of all that they were entitled to know. He did not intend the Local Government Board to understand that he only saw Mrs. Forster at the railway station. He did not say anything about Mrs. Forster; she was not a pauper, and the board had nothing to do with her.

He did not understand that the charge against him was that of carrying on an intrigue with Mrs. Forster. He thought that the charge was that he had neglected the pauper. Referring to some further correspondence, he believed that there was a charge against him, that he should see his wife occasionally; and as he was passing and saw a light he went in. He had stated that on New Year's Eve there was nothing in Mr. Forster's case approaching delirium tremens. Witness wrote to the Local Government Board that he was suffering from

**THE CZAR AND HIS ENEMIES.**

**EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS.**

A significant description of the military preparations made on the German-Russian frontier on the occasion of the recent journey of the Czar, is given in a private letter received by a Berlin correspondent. "A heavy pall," says the writer, "seemed to hang over us for more than eight days. Precautionary measures were being taken for the safety of the Czar on a scale such as had never been seen before. From the frontier to the last station both sides of the railway track were occupied by soldiers scarcely ten yards distant from one another, and sent from great distances. Special preparations were taken for guarding bridges, cuttings, crossings, and woods. Houses and farms near the railway had to be lit up during the night, and during the last twenty-four hours nobody was allowed to enter or leave them without permission. Still less were unauthorised persons permitted to go near the track, even to follow agricultural pursuits. Officers were continually rushing up and down to see that proper measures had been taken, and besides all these there were the secret police. If the truth were told, a pin could not have fallen to the ground unseen. For days before the Czar passed through all was in a feverish state of activity. The inhabitants remained quietly in their huts, and many a one dared scarcely step outside his door. The service of the guards was a most fatiguing one. They stood continually on the same spot, and were without food or drink for from some six to ten hours, being relieved as seldom as possible. Only when the train had passed, and when it had proceeded some distance beyond them, were they marched off to the nearest quarters."

**POLITICS IN IRELAND.**

Mr. Dillon attended a McCarthys' convention at Waterford and made further disclosures respecting the Boulogne negotiations. In answer to the charge that they sent a telegram from America in favour of Mr. Parnell's leadership, and afterwards refused to support him, he said that both he and Mr. O'Brien were begged to take the leadership, and were promised true and loyal support by the men who now protested undervating the support of Mr. Parnell. As to the question of control of the Constabulary, he maintained that whereas Mr. Parnell agreed to reconcile the Irish people to a postponement of that point for ten or twelve years, in deference to the views of the English people, he and Mr. O'Brien had expressed their determination never to accept a measure in which that was not included. Mr. Dillon was subjected to hostile demonstrations both on his arrival and departure, and there were several conflicts with the rival factions.

**ARRANGEMENTS FOR A WORK**

**FOR THE STUDY AND PRINCIPLES OF THERAPY.**

**LIVERPOOL CUP.**

£1000 is all gone for Wines of above, and a Tipperary and a Gloucester race for this race. Good price must be given for the Wines of above, and a Gloucester race for this race.

**MARSH Jockey Club.**

£1000 is all gone for Wines of above, and a Gloucester race for this race.

**HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.**

£1000 is all gone for Wines of above, and a Gloucester race for this race.

**LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.**

£1000 is all gone for Wines of above, and a Gloucester race for this race.

**PLAYFAIR, FULHAM, LONDON.**

£1000 is all gone for Wines of above, and a Gloucester race for this race.

**DARE DEVIL!**

£1000 is all gone for Wines of above, and a Gloucester race for this race.

**WILLIE R.**

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## "THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

The influenza epidemic is still rampant in Dundee.

There were 2,600 births and 1,315 deaths in the metropolis last week.

Eight infants under a year old were suffocated in bed in the metropolis last week.

There were 271 deaths last week in London from diseases of the respiratory organs.

No fewer than 14,000 deaths in England in the last quarter were ascribed to symptomatic diseases.

A rich amber deposit has been discovered in Ontario, the estimated value of which is \$1,000,000,000.

Thirty-eight deaths in the metropolis last week were attributed to accident or negligence.

Enormous numbers of horses are being imported into India from Australia. They are required as cavalry horses and hacks.

Mrs. Fullerton, of Woodside-place, Glasgow, is the oldest inhabitant of Glasgow. She entered on her 101st year last Tuesday.

The registrar-general tells us in his last return that 4,622 deaths in England in the quarter were ascribed to violence.

A young man named Charles Abbott, residing at William-street, Edinburgh, after having returned from a choir practice died suddenly.

During the quarter ending September, the mortality of infants under 1 year of age was in the proportion of 146 deaths to 1,000 births.

The walnut grows abundantly in Cashmere, Nepal, and other parts of India, where the fruits are largely used.

There were 280,657 births and 150,335 deaths in the United Kingdom in the quarter ending September 30th.

The registrar-general estimated the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of 1891 to be 37,603,000.

A plucky man at Clarksburgh, West Virginia, routed a burglar by deluging him with boiling water from a tea kettle.

During the three months ending September the average price of wheat was 3s. 1d. per quarter, the average price in the preceding two quarters having been 3s. 1d. and 3s. 6d.

The vertical electric light signal used at the Naval Exhibition was visible at a distance of thirteen miles.

There are no fewer than 709 applicants for the six readerships recently created by the Council of Legal Education.

The Society of Friends is beginning to obtain a foothold in the East, especially in Philippopolis and Constantinople.

There has been a temporary revival of influenza. Last week seven deaths were attributed to the disease in London.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the hereditary lady, believes that whistling is hereditary. She has several daughters who whistle nearly as well as their mother.

The amount sued for in the City of London Court in the ten months of this year was £151,385, as against £129,430 in the same period of last year.

In the famous fruit-growing district of Cornwall Valley, Nova Scotia, most of the farming is done by comparatively small landholders. There are (says the *Herald*) no holders of immense tracts of land.

Mr. W. Booth-Scott, C.E., chief surveyor and engineer to the Vestry of St. Pancras, died suddenly the other morning at his residence at Hampstead. The appointment is worth £600 per annum.

Florida is honeycombed by underground streams. When these are obstructed from any cause the water works its way to the surface, making the great swamps which are characteristic of the State.

Four hundred million pounds are invested in the dairy business of America. It requires 1,000,000 cows to supply the milk, and £40,000,000 worth of dairy and other agricultural machinery.

A baby has altered materially the prospects of the American Presidential campaign. Since Mr. Cleveland's daughter arrived, his popularity has revived, for the Americans always admired Mrs. Cleveland. "Frankie and her baby" is the regular campaign cry.

Slavery still exists in Portuguese India. A Brahmin, at Kalloda, possesses a village of thirty-two huts, where every soul is as truly his slave and property as in the olden days; and recently a Portuguese travelling from Goa spoke openly of the slaves on his estate.

The Persian walnut is about a third, or a half, larger than the English walnut; of an elongated shape, with very rich kernel, and the shell as thin as paper. It is not an unusual thing for a tree, eight to twelve years old, to bear 30,000 nuts, or 12,000lb.

Rudyard Kipling is just now the guest of Robert Louis Stevenson, in Samoa. By the way, Mr. Stevenson has some thousands of his literary profits in the purchase of an extensive estate and on the erection of a lonely mansion.

A mob at Omaha, Nebraska, incensed by the death of a little girl, the victim of an assault by a negro named Coe, made an attack upon the city jail. Coe was dragged from his cell, beaten and kicked by the mob until he was dead, and then hanged over a trolley wire in the street.

"A good song," Professor Blackie told his Poplar audience, "is dozen times better than the best lecture any day. Scotch songs keep one close to nature, and anything that takes people away from nature and the angels, whether business, money-getting, or religion, bad."

The new bankruptcy building of Portland stone and in the Italian (classic) style of architecture. The frontage, looking on the Royal Courts of Justice Gardens, is 256 feet in length. The ground floor is to be devoted to courts, whilst the upper floors will be utilised by the registrar and the official receiver and their assistants.

Cecily Cook, "Aunt Cecily," as she was called, died a few days ago at Savannah, Ga., at the reputed age of 110 years. She was born and married in slavery, and became the mother of eleven children before her husband was sold from her. Her oldest living child is 87, and her oldest living grandchild 67.

On one occasion Matthew Arnold wrote on the blackboard in his small, neat handwriting, a sentence, and asked the class teacher to examine the children upon it. After getting from them that it was a simple sentence, and a correct reason for so saying, Arnold softly interposed, "Ah, well, you may have it was simple because Mr. Arnold gave it to you."

A metropolitan band of cyclist volunteers, Troop 354, Middlesex, has accomplished the feat of riding 100 miles in 9hr. 35min. 45sec., thus beating the previous record by upwards of an hour. The team consisted of twelve men; each carried a rifle, a sword, bayonet, uniform cap, 10lb. of lead to represent 100 rounds of ammunition, and other fittings, making impediments in all of about 2 lb.

It was Sir Robert Viner who, when King Charles dined with him during his mayoralty at Guildhall, followed his Sovereign to his coach and insisted that His Majesty should return and take "the other bottle," at which the airy monarch, looking over his shoulder at his host, hummed a verse of the old song, "The me that's drunk is as great as a king," and a considerable number of the 2,600 women employed

returning to the hall of Gog and Magog, cracked "the other bottle" accordingly.

"Irving," says Mr. Toole, "is one of the best of actors and the very best of fellows."

Mr. Baggett Haggard, brother of Rider of that ilk, is in Samoa. He holds the office of British land commissioner.

No fewer than 2,571 deaths from whooping-cough were registered in England in the quarter ending with September.

The mother of a Kansas city, Mo., baby in 16 years old, its grandmother 85, and its great-grandmother was but 20 years old. All reside in the same house.

The wettest place in the world is said to be Chaura Ponies, in the Khas hills of Assam. The fall of rain for a single month has ranged from 100 to 200 inches.

George Cobb, farm servant, of Arbroath, left his father's house, and half an hour after midnight his decapitated body was found on the railway not many yards distant.

The Rev. W. Burgess, Wesleyan missionary at Hyderabad, reports 355 baptisms in that State in connection with his mission during the past nine months.

The Dublin corporation have passed a resolution calling for a political amnesty and an inquiry into the guilt of the dynamite prisoners.

While a Michigan church choir were singing, a lot of wasps made a descent upon them and put them to flight. The local paper was unkind enough to say the "wasps had put up with their poor singing long enough."

The horse old William Gray, of Jedburgh, was driving bolted, and in trying to restrain it he fell to the ground, and one of the cart wheels went over his body. He died a few hours later.

Mr. Healy says it would be better to have a united party of eighty-six fools in Parliament than two parties of forty-three geniuses—an expression of opinion which may be read in various ways.

The Church Army is opening in the rectory of St. Mary-at-Hill, near the Monument, a "Good Samaritan" office, to assist men who are above the class that frequent casual wards to obtain employment.

David Stewart, a pie-baker, hanged himself in a shop in Canongate, Edinburgh. His wife found him half lying on the floor in the shop with a cord round his neck, and the other end fastened to the door.

The Common Council of the City of London have resolved to unite with the County Council in promoting a bill in Parliament next session dealing with the water supply of the metropolis.

Alexander Dutton last June disappeared from Morgan county, Alabama. A few days ago remains were found in a cedar glade. There was a bullet hole in the skull, and three more bullets dropped off of other parts of the body.

Francisco Flores, a cattle raiser in the Mexican State of Jalisco, was captured by brigands two weeks ago, and, upon the refusal of his family to pay a ransom of 2,000dols., the bandits shot the unfortunate man.

At the London County Sessions, Edward J. Humphreys, a waiter, was indicted for stealing money and personal property from his mistress and ladies who were staying at a private hotel. He robbed one lady to the extent of £300. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

Mr. Wells, the English gentleman who had the good fortune to win the sum of £25,000 some months ago at the gaming-table at Monte Carlo, has returned thither, and is once more playing heavily. So far, however, his luck has failed him, and he has opened the campaign by losing £4,000.

The municipal elections throughout England and Wales took place on Monday. The chief novelty was the appearance before the ratepayers in some boroughs of labour candidates, who were, however, successful in very few instances. In at least two boroughs the conflict lay between licensed victuallers and tobacconists, and the former gained the day. Eastbourne declared emphatically against the Salvation Army band.

At a meeting held in the Peckham Public Hall, to consider the eight hours question, Mr. John Burns said he should do his utmost, as soon as pressure upon politicians could accomplish it, to get an eight hours bill passed. That such a limitation was necessary was proved by the hours which railway men, barmen, and tram and omnibus men had to labour. He added that when they had secured a shorter day's work they must abolish overtime.

Mr. Justice Wills has given judgment in the action brought by the wife of Major Hargrave, of Torquay, to recover jewellery valued at £900, which, after being stolen, had been sold by a lady for £350 to Messrs. Spink and Sons, of Gracechurch-street. His lordship said that had the sale of the jewels been effected in the defendants' shop they would have been entitled to retain them as having been bought in market overt, but as it really took place in the show-room, the defendants were not thus protected, and gave judgment against them with costs.

At Colne, Lancashire, Isabella Otterwell was committed to the assizes for bigamy. The prisoner was married on January 13th, 1872, in St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, to Charles Otterwell, a colour-surgeon in the Army, at present a drill-instructor at Hatley Park, Yorkshire. She was also married to Richard Driver, foundryman, at the registrar's office, Burnley, on October 4th, 1880. Her first marriage was contracted in the name of Hounslow and the second in that of Curry. The prisoner alleged that her first husband drove her away.

The celebrated surgeon, M. Verneuil, has made a communication to the Paris Academy of Medicine regarding the dangers which may attend the use of anti-pyrin. This drug was injected into two patients suffering from sciatic neuralgia in their lower limbs. The injection was made at the base of the toes. After the third injection gangrene suddenly supervened, and there was great difficulty in saving the lives of the patients. M. Verneuil attributes the gangrene to the disturbance in the nutrition of the organs caused by the chronic neuritis of the sciatic nerve.

Lord Basing presided at the annual meeting of the South-eastern Poor Law Conference, held at the Society of Arts. He said the administration of the poor law showed a constant tendency to improve. The number of paupers had been a diminishing quantity for the last fifteen or twenty years. Mr. T. Mackay read a paper on the interest of the working classes in the poor law. He said he regarded the proposed State pensions as costly, generally impracticable, and futile, unless accompanied by compulsion. The president said that without compulsion the scheme would be impracticable, and there were grave political objections to the compulsory system.

A meeting has been held in the Mansion House on behalf of the Young Women's Christian Association. The Lord Mayor, who presided, said the association had forty-seven evening homes and boarding-houses, where girls and young women were lodged and cared for. There were over 2,000 students.

He believed that everything which tended to spread knowledge and intelligence among the working classes of the country was for the good of the cause. The more people knew about the facts which were happening around them, the more attached would they be to the institutions of the country in which they lived, and the more would they resume their relations with the society.

Sir J. E. Gorst opened a working men's club and institute at Gillingham, near Chatham, on Wednesday night, and afterwards addressed a meeting of his own supporters in the Conservative Club, New Brompton. He said he believed that everything which tended to spread knowledge and intelligence among the working classes of the country was for the good of the cause. The more people knew about the facts which were happening around them, the more attached would they be to the institutions of the country in which they lived, and the more would they resume their relations with the society.

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the Post Office had enrolled themselves as members.

There were nine dry days in Greenwich last month.

Prince Louis Laclede Bonaparte, known as a philologist, especially by his researches into the Basque language, has died at Fano, on the Adriatic, at the age of 75.

In the Queen's Bench Division a jury awarded the sum of £1,250 to the widow of a minor named Morris, who was killed in the Norton Fitzwarren accident on the Great Western Railway in November of last year.

The French Government is about to bring in a bill ordering an account to be taken of all the carrier pigeons throughout France, with a view to utilising them for the conveyance of despatches in time of war.

Advices received at St. Petersburg from Bohkara state that an extraordinary mission was sent to Russia by the Amir of Afghanistan in order to conclude a Russo-Afghan commercial treaty is already on its way to the Russian capital.

The autumnal conference of the Church Association, which is this year being held in Birmingham, was inaugurated on Wednesday night by a special service at Christ Church.

Reading was en fete on Wednesday, the occasion being the opening of the Palmer Park, the gift of Mr. George Palmer, and the presentation of the freedom of the borough to Mr. Palmer.

On the arrival at the Maritime Station of Calais the other evening of the half-past 3 express train from Paris, a young English lady, whose name is unknown, was found dead in one of the carriages. She was alive when the train stopped at the Central Station, though it was observed that she was ill.

Mr. Salt, M.P., president of the Institute of Bankers, delivered the inaugural address of the session to the members. He devoted special attention to the manner in which the Banking crisis had been met, and expressed a hope that prosperity and quiet might characterize the banking proceedings of the next twelve months.

The Servians have a curious custom of giving a parting kiss to their deceased friends before final burial, and the observance of it has caused a serious epidemic of diphtheria. The police have issued stringent orders against the custom.

According to the *Gasolos* there is some question of Madame Sarah Bernhardt returning to the Comédie Francaise. At her own request the committee of the sociétaires will, it is said, meet shortly to consider her proposals.

"Of all my characters, I like Cleopatra the least," said Mrs. Langtry to an interviewer of the *New York Daily News*. "It's not natural to me to be a willful, domineering, imperious person. I am a good, kind, gentle woman, and I like to be a good, kind, gentle woman."

Ladies' hats and bonnets are most becoming and suitable this year. The size is larger, hence a better head-covering for cold weather, both in bonnets and toques. Felt is the favourite material for large hats, and velvet for bonnets. The hats are worn very flat, with trimmings of two colours.

The panys became a florist's flower little more than fifty years ago. The varieties then had names, like roses and carnations. Lord Gambier was the name of the first pany to be distinguished. During the last ten or fifteen years it has been found so easy to raise good pansies from seed that they do not now receive much gratitude.

According to a despatch received from Valparaiso by the *New York Herald*, a conspiracy was discovered to do away with General del Canto, who commanded the Congressional troops in their successful attack upon Valparaiso. The plot is alleged to have been hatched by the partisans of the late President Balmaceda.

"Hudibras" throws an interesting light upon the discussion as to the pronunciation of the name "Halph." Writes Butler:—

"A squire he had, whose name was Ralph. That is th' adventures went his half. Though writers for more stately tooe, Do call him Ralph, yet we call him Ralfe. As when we call a mate rafe, We'll call him so, if not plain Raph."

That famous gunner of the Royal Navy, Mr. E. D. Young, has recently been raised on a pension of £120. He is the man whom the authorities placed under Livingstone to work the Pioneer in 1863-64, who in seven months so led the search expedition as to prove that Livingstone was alive in 1867, and who conducted the Livingstone-Macintyre expedition to Nyasa-land in 1874. Many is the slave he has rescued.

In the reign of Henry III. the Horners of London, though not incorporated, were classed among the forty-eight mysteries of the City, and Chaucer granted a charter for the preservation of the trade in 1361. The pursuit has declined of late years, owing to the substitution of other materials for horn, especially glass; but it is stated that the business shows signs of revival and only need the encouragement of technical education.

The elections of the State officials in the United States, as far as returns have been received, do not throw much light upon the probabilities of the contest next year for the Presidency. Both political parties have met with successes where they were least expected and defeats which have equally surprised everybody. Mr. McKinley, the author of the new tariff, was elected governor



## VOLUNTEER GOSSIP.

(Continued from page 1.)  
Communications intended for this column should be delivered at the office not later than 6 P.M. on Saturday.

As now, a number of writers, in anticipation of the return of the strength of the Volunteer force on the 2nd of October have been complaining of its decline. It is hard to form to anticipate. From the returns already made up there is no sign of decadence in the force. On the contrary, although many of the half and half regiments have lost some of the volunteers their places have been supplied by other and able men, so that probably when the official returns are published the Inspector-general of Auxiliaries will be able to say, "As you were!" If this condition of affairs only be kept up, we ought to be well satisfied, for what does it mean that more than a quarter of a million militia either turn out or use of arms to keep her safe from foreign invasion?

Yes; we want something more and that is the formation of a reserve out of the force of a quarter of a million men. During the thirty-two years of the existence of the Volunteer force it is difficult to say how many men have passed through the ranks; but taking it that the average term of service in the Volunteers is five years, there ought to be at the very least another quarter of a million of men under the age of 35 so accustomed to the use of arms that they could readily be called into the service again. Why a record is not kept of the names and addresses of these men is a thing to be wondered at. It has often struck me that it would be advisable to invite every man who leaves the ranks to join a reserve, even if the obligation were to muster only once or twice a year, just to let all call in a deposit sent home that he was still residing in the neighbourhood and capable of giving help.

On Tuesday an order was issued from the War Office to the effect that, in consequence of the re-organisation of the garrison artillery, the term of service can be used for the brigades of Militia and Volunteer artillery except in the case of Volunteer batteries of position, and the former batteries are in future to be designated "company." This is going back to the much-despised American system with a vengeance.

But an allusion to America always reminds me of something or other to which I may refer. A controversy has lately been opened up with regard to the Army Service Corps; and it has been urged that only "military" officer—by which I understand is meant a gentleman who has arrived at field rank in the Regular army—should be appointed to command that branch of the service at our principal military depots. Now, I have for long contended that a young gentleman who has had a fair amount of military and commercial training combined in the sort of person becomes a useful member of the staff, and therefore have held that its ranks should be thrown open to competent officers of Volunteers as they are to Militia officers. But if regimental officers are to be taken from their own regiments and appointed to all the best positions in that branch of the service, farewell to any great effort being made by members of the Auxiliaries to join this branch of the profession.

Harking back to nearly thirty years ago, I well remember meeting at Bentons Barracks (named after the heroic wife of the great pioneer, General Fremont), a very pleasant old gentleman, who told me the following:— "The present state of the world is not what we were about 30,000 strong—now, all recruits—and on my informing him that I presumed he would soon be sent to the front he replied, "Oh, dear no; I know nothing about fighting, I have been sent here to look after the boys, to see them fed and clothed." And a York mercenary said to him, "Well, all I care is, the old man did his duty bravely." If I were ever my lot to again tread the warpath, I would ask for no better general provider than worthy old Brigadier Strong.

Owing to pressure laid week, the names of the members of the championship of the North London Club was omitted from this column. The scores when reckoned up stand as follows:—Corporal Matthews, Civil Service, 1,005; Private Luff, R.R.B., 1,067; Corporal Carter, 3rd Middlesex Artillery, 1,003. There were only half a dozen members who completed the series of shots to qualify for championship.

Major Setton, of the Fusiliers and Kincardine Artillery Regt., has recently delivered a very able speech at Liverpool on the subject of coast defence. Like all gunners, he believes that his branch of the service will be first called upon in the case of threatened invasion, and that upon it will depend the security of our coasts. He made many valuable suggestions with regard to improvements, which could easily be carried out by the Militia, and would have to be carried out by the Volunteers if they were placed under the Army Discipline Act. On one point we all must agree, and that is, in regretting that the majority of Volunteers have to confine their practice to pid guns with incomplete equipment.

I have had forwarded to me a statement with regard to the strength of the Volunteer Force, which bears out an observation made in a previous paragraph. The returns from Cheshire, Liverpool, and Manchester, if my information is correct, show that the number of combatants in each of the subjects of coast defence, like all gunners, he believes that his branch of the service will be first called upon in the case of threatened invasion, and that upon it will depend the security of our coasts. He made many valuable suggestions with regard to improvements, which could easily be carried out by the Militia, and would have to be carried out by the Volunteers if they were placed under the Army Discipline Act. On one point we all must agree, and that is, in regretting that the majority of Volunteers have to confine their practice to pid guns with incomplete equipment.

The B Troop—ought it not to be styled Company F—of the 26th Middlesex R. V. (Cyclists) are responsible for a fast run of 100 miles in one hour. Once, each morning we are told, carried on his machine (all safety bicycles) a rifle, sword bayonet, uniform cap, and 10lb. of lead to represent 100 rounds of ammunition, in all making an impediment of about 50 lbs.

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Potting Gardens is hardly the proper place to discuss so interesting a question as to whether or no Volunteer operations should be carried out after dark. Yet, with this question was raised, debated, at the London County Council on a question arising as to whether it was desirable to allow Volunteers to drill in the parks at night, and after they had been closed to the general public. Mr. Burrows, Hope, and Major Probyn championed the cause of the Volunteers, while Col. H. E. W. Woolwich, Esq., expressed his views very strongly on the other side. Perhaps he was right, for experience shows that unless it be moonlight, such operations are not generally of a very instructive character.

On Tuesday a number of Volunteer officers attended at Wellington Barracks for the fixed half-yearly examination in tactics, fortification, military law, and military topography, a part of which is the examination of the military advantage of adding 50s. per annum to the amount which any officer may be already earning yearly for his corps. An examination of artillery officers was opened at Woolwich on Monday.

**ELMAZ.**

The influenza epidemic has reappeared in Lincolnshire, where a large number of people are affected by a mild type of the disease.

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**ADAM.**

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**A NEW TERROR.**

M. Verneuil has added one more terror to the life of a timid soul. We have all heard of the danger run by sitting on the back of a snorting horse or riding in a harness car drawn by a steed addicted to the same amarts of weakness. For the horse may be galled, as many London horses are, and if so the seeds of a terrible disease may be wafted by the wind into the eyes of the "fear," by means of a speck of saliva. Now we learn that the saliva both of men and horses often contains the germs of tetanus or lock-jaw, and M. Verneuil claims to have traced at least two cases in which it has been communicated by means of a physician whose hands had been in contact with the mouth of a "tetaniferous" horse. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the bite of such an animal means lock-jaw, and the worst of the miseries that the bearer of the inoculating virus may be perfectly free from the disease, and therefore cannot be suspected.

John Meinkin shot and fatally wounded his cousin, Sophie Brackner, at her home in Springfield, Illinois, and then shot himself.

## FIGHT AT A POLITICAL MEETING.

One of the persons injured in a fight at the Farmers' Alliance Meeting at Buckport last week has since died. The body of a girl was found crushed and dead on the ground. The man killed was named Albert Manning. He was shot with a Winchester rifle. Five other persons were seriously wounded. The affair has caused much excitement in the state, and further fighting is feared.

## THE GARDEN.

(WAITERS SPECIAL FOR "THE PEOPLE.")

**FAIRY TALES OF WOODEN FENCES.**  
In many suburban districts fences of wood, turned to preserve the wood, form the division between the garden and the road. They cost a good deal of money, and in the course of a few years will be failing to pieces. The initial expense of brickwork would doubtless be greater, but in the long run brick walls would be cheaper; but in many places the eighteenth century fence is already gone, and the question is when to improve their appearance. One of the greatest drawbacks to the making of a suburban garden is the necessity of making a lawn tennis ground. What scope then for gardening when the greatest part of the ground must be given over to trees or fruit trees on border fences is to strain wires from nine inches to twelve inches apart along the boards, tightening them up at each end by Nettlefield's screws, and driving in a few galvanized staples at intervals of three feet. The work that had been done by the combined societies carried on by the executive committee?"—Mrs. Fawcett asked in the course of her speech, said that they had no small reason for congratulation upon the comprehensive and useful services of the National Vigilance Association, at the success which has attended the efforts to suppress objectionable pictures, books, and pamphlets; and the meeting desires to express its high appreciation of the comprehensive operations carried on by the executive committee."—Mrs. Fawcett, in her speech, said that they had no small reason for congratulation upon the comprehensive and useful services of the National Vigilance Association, at the success which has attended the efforts to suppress objectionable pictures, books, and pamphlets; and the meeting desires to express its high appreciation of the comprehensive operations carried on by the executive committee."—Mrs. Fawcett, in the course of her speech, said that they had no small reason for congratulation upon the comprehensive and useful services of the National Vigilance Association, at the success which has attended the efforts to suppress objectionable pictures, books, and pamphlets; 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